The Revolution.

PRINCIPLE, NOT POLICY: JUSTICE, NOT FAVORS.—MEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING MORE: WOMEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING LESS.

VOL. I.—NO. 3. NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 22, 1868. $2.00 A YEAR.

The Revolution;

THE ORGAN OF THE

NATIONAL PARTY OF NEW AMERICA.

PRINCIPLE, NOT POLICY—INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS AN RESPONSIBILITIES.

THE REVOLUTION WILL DISCUSS:

1. IN POLITICS—Educated Suffrage, Irrespective of Sex or Color; Equal Pay to Women for Equal Work; Eight Hours Labor; Abolition of Standing Armies and Party Despotisms. Down with Politicians—Up with the People!

2. IN RELIGION—Deeper Thought; Broader Ideas; Science not Superstition; Personal Purity; Love to Man as well as God.

3. IN SOCIAL LIFE.—Practical Education, not Theoretical; Fact, not Fiction; Virtue, not Vice; Cold Water, not Alcoholic Drinks or Medicines. Devoted to Morality and Reform, THE REVOLUTION will not insert Gross Personalities and Quack Advertisements, which even Religious Newspapers introduce to every family.

4. THE REVOLUTION proposes a new Commercial and Financial Policy. America no longer led by Europe. Gold, like our Cotton and Corn, for sale. Greenbacks for money. An American System of Finance. American Products and Labor Free. Foreign Manufactures Prohibited. Open doors to Artisans and Immigrants. Atlantic and Pacific Oceans for American Steamships and Shipping; or American goods in American bottoms. New York the Financial Centre of the World. Wall Street emancipated from Bank of England, or American Cash for American Bills. The Credit Foncier and Credit Mobilier System, or Capital Mobilized to Resuscitate the South and our Mining Interests, and to People the Country from Ocean to Ocean, from Omaha to San Francisco. More organized Labor, more Cotton, more Gold and Silver Bullion to sell foreigners at the highest prices. Ten millions of Naturalized Citizens DEMAND A PENNY OCEAN POSTAGE, to Strengthen the Brotherhood of Labor. If Congress Vote One Hundred and Twenty-five Millions for a Standing Army and Freedman's Bureau for the Blacks, cannot they spare One Million for the Whites, to keep bright the chain of friendship between them and their Fatherland?

Send in your Subscription. THE REVOLUTION, published weekly, will be the Great Organ of the Age.

TERMS.—Two dollars a year, in advance. Ten names ($20) entitle the sender to one copy free.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, }
PARKER PILLSBURY, } EDS.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY, PROPRIETOR.

37 Park Row (Room 17), New York City,
To whom address all business letters.

WESTWARD.

BY GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

EPIGRAM HISTORY OF THE WORLD, IN NINE ACTS.

[WRITTEN on the summit of the Rocky Mountains. Inspired on witnessing the moon set as the sun rose Nov. 13, 1867.]

WESTWARD! Ever Westward, for a thousand generations,
Civilization marching onward, peopled the Ancient Nations,
When woman sold her jewels, 'twas in Fourteen Ninety-two,
That Columbus left the Old World, and landed in the New.
Again in Sixteen Twenty, Miles Standish on the dock,
Founded our Mighty Empire, where he anchored *on a rock!*

Westward! Ever Westward, seven score and sixteen years,
We worked and toiled, and grew beyond the British House of Peers.
Oppressive taxes—wrath aroused—then Charon crossed the Styx,
Up with the flag—down with the Tea—cried Men of Seventy-six.

Westward! Ever Westward, in Eighteen Sixty-one,
Our people roused from lethargy at sound of Sumter gun.
And then our old arch-enemy went tottering to the grave,
England loosed her grip of death when we set free the slave.

Westward! Ever Westward, in December Sixty-three,
I broke the ground at Omaha, half way from sea to sea.
Westward! Ever Westward, in the following month of May,
The Railroad King Durant pushed on, two miles or more a day.

'Tis morn! on Rocky Mountains' top, whose columns reach the skies,
We see the moon retire to rest! The sun in splendor rise!

Eastward! Presto! Eastward, let my Fenians share the praise,
When Asia visits Europe in less than thirty days!

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS OF THE REVOLUTION.

SUNDAY TIMES.

THE LADIES MILITANT: It is out at last. If the women, as a body, have not succeeded in getting up a revolution, Susan B. Anthony, as their representative, has. Her "*Revolution*" was issued last Thursday as a sort of New Year's gift to what she considered a yearning public, and it is said to be "charged to the muzzle with literary nitro-glycerine."

If Mrs. Stanton would attend a little more to her domestic duties and a little less to those of the great public, perhaps she would exalt her sex quite as much as she does by Quixotically fighting windmills in their gratuitous behalf, and she might possibly set a notable example of domestic felicity. No married woman can convert herself into a feminine Knight of the Rueful Visage and ride about the country attempting to redress imaginary wrongs, without leaving her own household in a neglected condition that must be an eloquent witness against her. As for the spinsters, we have often said that every woman has a natural and inalienable right to a good husband and a pretty baby. When, by proper "agitation," she has secured this right, she best honors herself and her sex by leaving public affairs behind her, and by endeavoring to show how happy she can make the little world of which she has just become the brilliant centre.

Ah! sir, in recommending to our attention domestic economy, you have assailed us in our stronghold. Here we are unsurpassed. We know—what not one woman in ten thousand does know—how to take care of a child, make good bread, and keep a home clean. We never harbor rats, mice, or cockroaches, ants, fleas, or bed bugs. Our children have never run the gauntlet of sprue, jaundice, croup, chicken-pox, whooping-cough, measles, scarlet-fever or fits; but they are healthy, rosy, happy, and well-fed. Pork, salt meat, mackerel, rancid butter, heavy bread, lard, cream of tartar and soda, or any other culinary abominations are never found on our table. Now let every man who wants his wife to know how to do likewise take THE REVOLUTION, in which not only the ballot, but bread and babies will be discussed.

As to spinsters, our proprietor says, that just as soon as she is enfranchised, and the laws on marriage and divorce are equal for man and woman, she will take the subject of matrimony into serious consideration, perhaps call on the editor of the *Sunday Times*.

N. Y. CITIZEN.

THE REVOLUTION, advocating "love to man as well as God," is edited by Miss Parker Pillsbury, and two gay young fellows named Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Miss Susan B. Anthony. It advocates "Equal pay to women for equal work." Why does it not go for exact justice to all, irrespective of sex or color, and also demand "Equal pay to men for equal work with women?" This, we take it, would save a good many good dollars to a good many good fellows. As society is now organized, we men have to do all the work and the women get all the money. In the dictionary of Fifth avenue, the word husband is thus defined: "Husband—a useful domestic drudge; a machine that makes dollars."

Exact justice to all, irrespective of sex and color, is precisely what we advocate. We do not forget our sons in demanding the rights of our daughters. When all girls are educated for self dependence, men will cease to be mere machines for making money, while the wealth of the nation will be doubled.

CAMBRIDGE PRESS.

A LIVE NEWSPAPER.—THE REVOLUTION is a great fact. All the leaders in the nation will take it. It is the organ of Temperance—of one hundred thousand School Teachers—of morality, and a new system of Finance. The subscription-list already contains the President and Cabinet of the United States—the Vice-President and Senate—the Speaker and the members of the House of Representatives—all the Governors, Bankers and Brokers. Ten thousand first number.

THE REVOLUTION will be the Organ of the National Party of New America, based on individual rights in political, religious and social life. It will be devoted to Principle, not Policy. It will be backed by the Credit Foncier of America, the Credit Mobilier of America, the Pacific Railroad Company, and half of Wall street; with Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Parker Pillsbury as editors, and Miss Susan B. Anthony as general manager and proprietor.

Let the one hundred thousand school teachers send in their subscriptions. We intend that two million dollars spent yearly in the

public schools of this city, instead of going as now into the hands of harpies, shall be spent in improvement in our school houses, and increased salaries to our female teachers. Horace Greeley, in an editorial a few months since, said that the women of this State should vote and have exclusive jurisdiction over all matters retating to education. Let us at least have a word to say on this important question.

N. Y. SUN.

THE REVOLUTION is the title of a new weekly newspaper published by Susan B. Anthony, and edited by Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Parker Pillsbury. One of the chief contributors appears to be Geo. Francis Train. As to women's suffrage, we would mildly suggest to the editors that their labors are thrown away in writing for men. What they need to do is to convert women to their way of thinking; for from the days of Eve to the present time women have generally had no difficulty in making men do everything they wanted them to. That women do not vote in this State, side by side with men, is owing, not to the opinion of men against it, but to those of women themselves. In regard to the other purposes embraced in the prospectus of the paper, we can only repeat the old proverb, "Too many irons in the fire at once."

When our fire burns low, we shall avail ourselves of the light and heat of the *Sun* to keep our irons going. As to our "labors being thrown away" in urging men to amend their laws and constitutions, we would remind the *Sun*, that we have already made great changes in this State, in the laws for women, by asking men to amend them. What else could we do? If you would enter your sanctum, do you not ask the man who holds the key? Moreover the short way of converting the women, is to convert the men first; their ridicule is more powerful than our logic.

N. Y. WORLD.

The traditional tailors of Tooley street, three in number, met and resolved themselves into "We, the people of England." Susan B. Anthony, as proprietor and manager, and Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Mrs. Parker Pillsbury, as editors, have issued a new paper called THE REVOLUTION, which is announced as the organ of the "National Party," whatever party that is, "of New America," wherever that may be. The first number is a sharp and spicy sheet, with a considerable show of Stanton, plenty of Pillsbury paragraphs, and an almost inexhaustible volcano of Train. We condense and print elsewhere an amusing account of Susan B. Anthony's raid upon the Radicals and others in Washington for subscriptions to the new "organ." Her efforts to raise the wind for the organ's bellows, Train being "blower," were quite successful, though, sad to say, Chandler and Sprague snubbed Susan and refused to subscribe. The President said "No," at first, but Susan said something sharp about the Radical party, and he signed his name Andrew Johnson, in a bold hand, as much as to say, "anything to get rid of this woman and break the Radical party."

In comparing us to the tailors of Tooley street, the *World* forgets that though those meritorious mercers failed, there is no such word as "fail" in our vocabulary. We know of no parallel to their lamentable discomfiture so fitting as that memorable raid of Mr. Mantalini who rushed frantically from the *World* office, bearing in his arms the wooden god of the Chickahominy swamps for the adoration of the people, who averted their faces and bowed down to the rail-splitter of Illinois. We understand that the man-milliner, not profiting by the disastrous experiences either of Tooley street or Beekman street, is anxious to repeat his experiment with the wooden god. The presumption of these English tailors in resoving themselves "We, the people," is only equalled by that of the "white males" of this country in opening all their constitutions in the same way, while *seven-twelfths* of the entire people had no voice in the matter.

The *Herald* has taken no notice of us, because, we suppose, from its genial nature, it would not like to attack us; and it could not afford to compliment us, for fear that the agitation of our cause might interfere with what it has so much at heart, negro enfranchisement and "negro supremacy."

The *Tribune*—No editorial notice has been taken of us in the *Tribune;* but through the direct intervention of Mr. Greeley, who has some influence with the editor of that journal, our best article, "Miss Anthony among the Senators," was copied in its columns. This is tendered on his part as part compensation for his infidelities and infelicities in the Constitutional Convention, and we accept it as such.

SUNDAY COURIER.

THE REVOLUTION.—This is the name of Susan B. Anthony's new paper, which is devoted to the revolution, or turning over of men and women, and divers other things, such as "Gold, like our Cotton and Corn, for sale, Greenbacks for money," and "Educated Suffrage, irrespective of color or sex." It is to be edited by Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Parker Pillsbury, with—probably—the irrepressible George Francis Train as a *corps de reserve*. When we see the first number, we shall be better able to judge of its prospects of success.

Read, mark, and inwardly digest, and then give us your opinion on these questions.

SUNDAY NEWS.

Although a woman cannot vote, it is decided that they can edit a newspaper. THE REVOLUTION, with the bold and taking motto of "Principles, not Policy: Justice, not Favors," has appeared, and the proprietress, Susan B. Anthony, throws her glove into the arena of journalism, and, supported by her trusty fellow-revolutionists, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Parker Pillsbury, stands ready to defend the rights of woman. THE REVOLUTION is certainly a very sprightly, earnest and vigorous journal, neat and attractive in appearance, and, judging from the first number, well worthy of the patronage of the public. As a guarantee of its success, we may mention that the irrepressible George Francis Train is to be a contributor—a fact that speaks for itself in the columns of the first issue.

Thank you, Mr. Benjamin Wood; you are a gentleman. You are the only editor that has welcomed us to the field of journalism without a sneer mingled with his praise.

INDEPENDENT.

THE REVOLUTION is the martial name of a bristling and defiant new weekly journal, the first number of which has just been laid on our table. When we mention that it is edited by Mr. Parker Pillsbury and Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, all the world will immediately know what to expect from it. Those two writers can never be accused of having nothing to say, or of backwardness in saying it. Each has separately long maintained a striking individuality of tongue and pen. Working together, they will produce a canvas of the Rembrandt school—Mrs. Stanton painting the high lights, and Mr. Pillsbury the deep darks. In fact, the new journal's real editors are Hope and Despair. Beaumont and Fletcher were intellectually something alike; but Mrs. Stanton and Mr. Pillsbury are totally different. The lady is a gay Greek, come forth from Athens; the gentleman is a somber Hebrew, bound back to Jerusalem. We know of no two more striking, original, and piquant writers. What keen criticisms, what knife-blade repartees, what lacerating sarcasms we shall expect from the one! What solemn, reverberating, sanguinary damnations we shall hear from the other!

Conspicuous among the new journal's contributors is that great traveller, hotel-builder, epigrammatist, and kite-flyer, Mr. George Francis Train.

So THE REVOLUTION, from the start, will arouse, thrill, edify, amuse, vex, and nonplus its friends. But it will compel attention; it will conquer a hearing.

Its business management is in the good hands of Miss Susan B. Anthony, who has long been known as one of the most indefatigable, honest, obstinate, faithful, cross grained, and noble-minded of the famous women of America. It only remains to add that, as "the price of liberty is eternal vigilance," so the price of THE REVOLUTION is two dollars a year.

"Oppression," says Solomon, "maketh a wise man mad;" but to others, though surrounded by suffering and wrong, life is only a tournament where men prance on steeds while women throw them smiles and flowers.

What thoughtful mind does not "DESPAIR" for the future of this nation in view of the divided counsels at our Capitol; the dishonesty and selfishness of our politicians, the *surveillance* of the press, the stultification of our prophetic men, and the cold, hard life of the mass of our people? While some skim serenely and securely through calm waters, others may see dangers beyond their horizon, and feel the swellings of mightier waves than lighter craft in shallow surroundings know.

When Nero fiddled in his palace in Rome, wise Seneca, on the banks of the Tiber, wept over the downfall of the republic.

ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

"_____"

WENDELL PHILLIPS, Editor.

TIMES.

The *Times's* cunning fox advises the other journals to take no notice of us; possibly that its polite editor may monopolize all our smiles. While it counsels others to indifference, it has devoted several columns to us already, and quoted good things from THE REVOLUTION, though credited to "a city weekly." Under the heading of "Place aux Dames," the editor gives us some of his difficulties in the solution of this problem. He says:

Our women—a great many of them—"Nelly and Kitty, and Dolly and Ketty, and Dorothy Draggletail," are anxious to give a helping hand in the government of the world and set things to rights in a general way, and chiefly by means of the ballot-box. We think they are all wrong.

Those in power always think the claims of those below them for an extension of rights all wrong. Lord Derby thinks the working men of England all wrong. Jeff. Davis thinks black loyalists all wrong. The *Times* belongs to the "white male" aristocracy in this country, and we do not expect it to see the wrongs of the oppressed classes of its own circle. But we should think that after trying six thousand years to build a nation, under every possible form of government but equality, and uniformly failing, men would see the need of "a helping hand;" some new power—some common sense "to set things to rights" in a *particular way*. We have had too much generalizing already.

The ladies mistake their own case, and the world's case as well. They have power and influence enough—exercised as these are in the sacred places and citadels for the sake of which men go out, and work and trade and fight, and run from one end of the world to the other—their *homes*.

It is fair to suppose that we understand our own case better than man possibly can, and the world's case quite as well as he does. When we have power to regulate what is outside the citadel, we shall be able to make the inside more sacred and peaceful. If our sons are to run from one end of the world to the other, mothers have some interest in clearing up this great wilderness of life, where so many of our brave and noble ones have stumbled and gone down.

If women were to quit their family sphere, as a general thing society would run wild or drop loose. They are deficient enough in the practice of those home duties, as matters are at present.

Voting does not involve a change in the natural division of labor. All men vote here, yet they go on in their every-day occupations as well in this country, yes, better, than in those countries where they do not. How few of these multitudes ever hold office or attend clubs or caucuses! Why suppose that if women voted

there would be a general stampede from the kitchen and nursery: that, if permitted to go to the ballot-box one day in the year, they would dance round the polls the remaining 364? We agree with the *Times* that women are lamentably "deficient in their home duties" to-day without the ballot. Not one in ten thousand knows how to take care of a child, or make a loaf of bread. Could matters be worse in our social life than they are? In the moral chaos that now surrounds us what folly to say "that society would run wild or drop loose" in seizing on the only remedy for our redemption, the restoration of woman to her rightful throne.

In this argument, the common sense of men—and of women too—will decide in the end that, as a general rule, woman's proper place and work is in the household.

"Get thee to a nunnery." Does the *Times* mean to say that women may not go to Europe, Washington, Niagara, Saratoga, to the theatre, the opera, the church, drive in the Park, promenade in Broadway, go to parties, balls, gymnasiums, the sea shore, and the skating pond? If she can leave home for all these things, why not once a year to vote for wise and faithful rulers? But if the "common sense of men and women" are agreed on this point, why legislate woman out of a place into which she has no desire to go? If cows would not go into your corn fields why fence them out? Do the maternal instincts depend on the Revised Statutes, and conjugal love on the Second article of the Constitution? Our wise men prate a great deal about *Nature*, but they seem to have no faith in her laws.

With respect to the polling-booth business, we think women should have nothing to do with politics. Politics is a trade and a strategy—the frothy accompaniment of progress—a system of manœuvring and partisanship, in which women would do much more harm than good.

That man has degraded politics, as he has everything else where he has gone alone, is true: that woman will do for politics what she has done for civilization everywhere is equally true. We cannot accept the *Times'* low definition of politics: to us it is the science of government, the most exalted of all sciences.

When we remember that to us, as American citizens, is given the power to make and mould the institutions of a continent, we may, in some measure, appreciate the responsibility of the ballot in legislating on all the civil, religious, and social interests of a mighty people. Unless the virtuous, educated women of this nation do assert themselves in politics, and quickly too, our republic will share the fate of all that have gone before us.

Men care more for women than they do for men, and may be safely trusted to make all proper laws and regulations bearing on the condition of women—of those especially who must work for independent subsistence. Men and women can have no separate interests.

Then why have separate laws and constitutions; why not one code for all citizens? If man and woman are so completely one that man must do all the law-making, by what process does she become so individualized as to pay taxes and the penalty of her crimes? For your "proper laws and regulations" we recommend you to a fresh reading of the barbarous code for women in Coke, Blackstone, Story, and Kent, and to a survey of her condition in the world of work. "Women care more for men than they do for women." For that reason should women do all the legislating?

The literary men and deep thinkers, who are forming the public mind and shaping the progress of things, do not trouble themselves much about the ballot-box. Thousands of them never go near the booths at all—any more than if they were the ladies of the house. *They* can keep out of the rush and clatter of politics. But women never could. They would take to it with animation—with vivacity—shall we say it?—with fury. They are more excitable and fightable than men, and one can fancy what a business politics would be in the clubs and caucuses, with the ladies "sailing in."

Disfranchise the men and they would soon throw down their pens, novels, histories, philosophies, and thrill the world with their wrongs. When women have the right to vote, they too, can trust their rulers with their interests, and wear their crown of citizenship with the same indifference our literary gentlemen do to-day, for they who have the power to make and unmake laws and rulers, are feared and respected. As to the clubs and caucuses, under the new regime they will be in our homes, where the gentlemen will come with white kids and parlor manners. The ladies will receive the candidates for office, if polished and high-toned as our public men should be, with becoming "animation and vivacity," and there will be nothing to provoke fury, unless some wine-bibbing, tobacco-chewing dandy should press his chances for office. So long as the gentlemen are general in their attentions to the voters, and discourse on high matters of State, there will be no danger of a "fight." It is encouraging to find that the editor of the *Times* is considering this question; and as he is pressing such good authorities as Leigh Hunt and Lamartine into his service, we shall look forward to some more substantial arguments from his pen for our future consideration, as we are fully armed and equipped for service on this subject. We should be very glad to find something worthy our attention. If there is a substantial argument to be made on the other side, pray let some member of the press sharpen his pen and make it. Where is Mr. Greeley?

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN

TAKES OUT A PATENT FOR THE GREENBACK PLAN OF CONGRESS.

OFFICE OF THE CREDIT FONCIER OF AMERICA, 22 NASSAU ST., N. Y., December 27, 1867.

Editor of the Revolution:

YES, sir, long before Pendleton, Vallandigham, Ben. Butler, or the Western men. Acting on the practical platform of cash and obscurity, I very seldom claim my own intellectual offspring; but as you ask the question, you shall have the facts. Five months before Pendleton's speech, mine appeared in the New York *Express* of March 22, 1867.

Verbatim, you have it here:

A SENSATION IN WALL STREET—GEORGE FRANICS TRAIN IN THE GOLD ROOM—A SPEECH TO THE BULLS AND BEARS ON NATIONAL AFFAIRS—BREAKERS AHEAD.

Mr. TRAIN went into the new Gold Room with Mr. Mellis, of the *World*, to see the room and ascertain if his old membership of two years ago held good. He found himself suddenly hemmed in by a crowd, while the whole room joined in the cry of speech—speech—Train—Train. There was no retreat. He pushed for the door, when some dozen of the brokers, now thoroughly demoralized, lifted him up bodily to the president's platform, while the Board, packed fuller than usual, demanded a speech. We can only give a sketch of his remarks bearing on the financial question.

MR. TRAIN'S SPEECH.

You have cornered me, gentlemen (laughter), and I am willing to sell a ten-minute speech—long or short (laughter), as you may decide.

Mr. COLGATE—Are you long or short?

Mr. TRAIN—I have not been in the market for two years, and this is the first time I was ever in this room, although I have been a member from the first. But past experience would tell me that

"*Long* metre answers for a *Common* song,
But *Common* metre will not answer *Long*."

What shall I talk about? (Laughter, and cries of "Finance—expansion or contraction.") Well, then, I will throw out some suggestions, and you can draw your own conclusions.

In 1860, we had recovered from the financial panic of 1857, and had not commenced the panic of rebellion and of war. Prosperity all over the land; five million bales of cotton on a thousand plantations; five million tons of shipping on every ocean—agriculture well to do—manufacturers prosperous—banks and insurance companies paying good dividends—railroads succeeding—the petroleum wells just being developed—sixty millions of gold sent us annually from the Pacific mines—the stock market giving a harvest to the brokers (applause)—the dry goods merchants making money—in short, prosperity all over the land, and yet all done on a currency of two hundred and fifty millions—(applause and "That's so.")

Now, then, for another picture—1867—five million tons of shipping wiped off the sea by England's *neutrality*—no five millions of cotton in the South—three hundred millions sunk in petroleum—the gold mining companies played out. (Laughter.) I mean that the investor who confidently put his $10,000 in Colorado, Idaho, Montana and Nevada, has never seen his money. ("That's so.") Where there is plenty of quartz there are no stamps, no mills—and where there are plenty of mills there is no quartz. (Applause and laughter.) Agricultural products are not doing well. The crops have not been flourishing—woolen and other manufacturers are suspending payment. Insurance companies are failing. Steamship property is dying out. The rottenest security in the street is your so-called gilt-edged paper. The rich men are all poor. They are first to call their loans. Those patriotic radicals, who put their money into Southern cotton plantations have planted it there forever. (Laughter.) The West is not paying up promptly. The South has nothing to pay. The bonded warehouses are full of foreign goods not yet paid for. The country is stocked with merchandise. The gold market as you see it to-day (loud laughter), fifty millions sunk in the Stock Exchange—that financial morgue of the land (laughter)—since January; in short, paralysis everywhere—the dry rot in Wall street is the new disease—brokers market—nobody paying expenses—checks exchanged to show life—all loans on call—no business doing—no industrial enterprises going on—no confidence anywhere, and all this on the expansion of one thousand millions—make your own inferences, gentlemen. (Sensation.) Shall I go on? (Cries of "Yes." another point.

When the old banking companies of England organized under the Limited Liability Act, they were all, or most of them, insolvents—as instanced by Overend, Gurney & Co. Our old banks were in the same position when Mr. Chase, the largest head, the longest head of his party, created the National banking system to make himself president. (Applause.) You remember he put his handsome photograph on the one dollar notes to circulate among the people. (Laughter.) Our National banks, like the English Liability Act, were the salvation of most of the rotten banks of the country. (Sensation.)

Take their loans this time last year. 1866—five hundred millions. Take them now, 1867—six hundred and twenty millions. Of course, I said as they have increased their loans they have added to their capital only twenty-five millions. I found, leaving one hundred millions more now than when expanded last year. What is this loaned on? On Erie at 90, North Western at 80, Cumberland Coal at 70, Pacific Mail at 180, and pork at 36. (Laughter.)

The last panic was peculiar—usually we outsiders catch it; this time you outsiders got cleaned out. (Applause and "That's so.") Men who had accumulated their two hundred to five hundred thousand dollars in small sums these last few years, buried it in the Greenwood Cemetery of the Stock Exchange.

Mr. O'BRIEN—Or in *E Pluribus Unum*.

Mr. TRAIN—Yes, you are one of the many whose epitaph is among the tombstones. (Loud laughter and applause, continuing for several minutes, at the repartee.)

The Comptroller is abroad. He is after the delinquents—1,700 of these institutions are in a flurry—already, the big loans are called in, and the street will feel the shock within a week. The recent national bank failures in Washington, Baltimore, Oil Wells, Newton, Hudson, Boston and Nashville, are only the pimples, the slight eruption on the skin, that tells the experienced eye the painful disease that is struggling within. (Applause.) These banks were established on a ten per cent. margin; $100,000 bonds gave $90,000 notes. This

margin is lost, and 23 per cent. more, as shown by the loan account, one hundred million more than last year (Sensation.)

When the country understands this, they will sell governments. Then look abroad. Five hundred millions of our securities in Europe on call—nominally held at 74—or 9 per cent. in gold, while the rottenest security in the old world, 3 per cent. British consols are selling at 91. That shows how little they think of our bonds. They are simply deposited there and drawn against—a simple kyering operation which you understand. (Laughter.) When you want to see what is going to happen abroad, look at that never-failing barometer down there in the south-eastern part of Europe—the Eastern question. All say peace, yet five millions of breech loaders—of needle-guns are being made. When war breaks out, as likely in London or Paris as in Greece or Turkey, back come the bonds. Send home not $500,000,000, but $20,000,000, and the dozen international bankers will rush to the government slaughter-house to sell, and the amount will soon be exaggerated to $200,000,000. Suppose they meet there some of the liquidating national bank bonds, and other frightened holders of the bonds, all rushing to sell—who is going to buy? Shall I go on? (Cries of "Yes.") Remember that the loan was taken up on margin. We subscribed $10,000 and borrowed $9,500, and kept the mill going all day, making the man with $10,000 capital talk and act like the millionaire. The Public are Bulls on Governments only when above par—when below par, they are Bears. Let Governments drop to par, and down they go to 89. Then national bank notes are one per cent. discount. Then comes the rush on national banks for greenbacks, and the greenbacks are not there. (Sensation.) What is the result? Does Congress help us? No—the lawyers are in power—what do they care? They add $400,000,000 bounty to the debt, and advance their own salaries to $5,000! Is the South to be admitted under the Military bill? No; Stevens holds the reins; confiscation is the order. The estates are to be cut up among the Germans, and the negroes wiped out. Where, then, are we floating? *Congress sees that McCulloch has made a mistake, and it is an administration blunder, the radicals intend to pass no bill of relief. They will pinch the country this year, and bring on a financial crash in the fall (remember, this is the panic year of the never failing sevens,)—lay it on the administration policy, and when everybody is broken, Congress will meet in the winter and pass Randall's bill, putting greenbacks in the place of the $340,000,000 national bank bonds. Pass another bill paying duties on imports in greenbacks, and then another bill paying interest on the $1,400,000,000 5-20's in legal tenders. In other words, give the country one currency—that is twenty-five hundred millions of legal tenders instead of sixteen currencies as at present.* (Applause.) This makes all happy for the presidential election of 1868. Delirum tremens requires national whiskey to recuperate the system. The whiskey will make all vote for radicalism. They elect the president, and after that the deluge. (Laughter and applause.) Johnson, in his talk with Halpine, the Democratic party and the South, think that a crash will burst the Radicals. By no means. They will turn it to their advantage. The next war is to be financial. Land and labor against banks and bondholders—and the former own the notes. The South has no debt—the West little. The greenback age wiped off their mortgages, and placed the load on the back of the bondholders. The debt rests uneasily on the sea-shore and in Europe, and the shadow is on the wall.

Paying gold interest in greenbacks is repudiation, you say—why so? Nearly all the states have done it; New York taking the lead. The finality of all the recent congressional legislation may be stated in two words: *Confiscation* in the South and *Repudiation* in the North. (Sensation.) The Chicago papers have already sounded the tocsin; we are growing poorer every day. The $2,500,000,000 debt only cost $1,250,000,000. Hence bondholders ask specie payments. The people who did the fighting hold no bonds, and ask for legal tenders. The rich arranged to have their bonds free from taxation. Hence the rich man, with his millions of untaxed Governments, sends his children to the same school where the poor man, with no bonds, sends his. Hence the poor man is obliged to pay for the education of the rich man's children as well as for his own. (Sensation.) But enough of this. You ask the remedy. Retrench. You have been dancing five years and the fiddler demands his pay. (Laughter.) When the candle is lighted at both ends you had better sell it short. (Laughter.) *You must stop your imports—develop your mineral resources—finish the Pacific railroad—cut down your expenses*—smoke one cigar less—drink one glass of whiskey less every hour in the day, and keep all your pockets as full as you can of legal tenders, and they will be the handiest thing you can have about the house. (Loud applause and great congratulations from the brokers.)

The following remarkable letter was received after this speech went rolling through the press of the nation:

NEW ORLEANS, May 12, 1867.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN—*Sir:* I chanced lately to come across your recent speech, made at the New York Exchange, which, in my judgment, contains more common sense and clear comprehension of the "situation," in the same space, than I have seen for years. Now, I know nothing of your personnel, antecedents, or character, having only seen your name for the last few years flitting occasionally across the newspaperial firmanent; but if there is no serious obstacle in your elements of character or status, and your ambition be equal to the object, you can be President of the United States, by launching at once upon, and directing the rising tide of repudiation, which must, sooner or later, sweep over the land. An exhibition of national, state, county, and municipal debt would be appalling to the dullest understanding, and an appeal to the fact, that the interest on this enormous debt is to be paid by the masses—the middle and lower classes, would be irresistible. Bankrupt laws are a concession to the infirmities of judgment, and the venial errors of mankind, frailties, which are restrained by a sense of personal responsibility in the individual, but which pervade with a sort of reckless freedom the action of government when such responsibility is impersonal and diffused. There is a remedy for all evils—pent up waters will find an outlet. The bankrupt court, for the nation is an appeal to the people; they are omnipotent—"they can create and destroy,"—and our national and other debts created for war purposes will be as certainly submerged by the floods of repudiation, as that the delta of the Mississippi has been covered by its rebellious waters; and what to me, who see but little of what is going on in the world, is a significant and astonishing fact, I saw in a paper this morning all this ground covered in an extract from a book or pamphlet on currency, recently published by a Mr. Gibbons. No, sir; call a convention of all those who do *not* hold national, state, county or city bonds, and no matter how few or many may attend it, organize at the proper time and put your candidates before the people, and success is certain. It is useless to discuss the policy of a fact or an inevitable tendency—clear the track, or be crushed by the Juggernaut of the almighty power of a free people.

This letter is written in all honesty and good faith—no living soul but the writer knows of it. I hope your prolific brain will work out all the problems it suggests, and that it will make you president, when I may, possibly, wait on you, with the

Respects of P. LEWIS, JR.

REPLY SHOWING THAT REPUDIATION IS NOT TO BE THOUGHT OF.

OFFICE OF THE CREDIT FONCIER OF AMERICA, 20 NASSAU ST., N. Y., June 2, 1867.

P. LEWIS, JR., ESQ.—*Dear Sir:* Brains are so scarce, intelligence so rare, common sense so muddled, epigrammatic writing so unusual, your comprehensive view of national affairs commands my attention and prompt remark.

Should the radicals catch at my greenback suggestion, they can sweep the Fall elections, but having negro ground into their souls, they will grasp the shadow for the substance. Besides, they would drop an idea suggested by me like a hot potato. As for the Democrats, they have less sense; believing when they die they will go to Gen. Jackson—always firing off their gun when birds are in the next county—entirely demoralized by repeated failure, I have little hopes of their adopting my plan. It is their only salvation; should they cry repudiation, they will go up. But greenbacks for the poor man, gold for the rich, will bring voters to their senses. Born in Tennessee, never having travelled, the president will be English in his policy. So will McCulloch. Believing that a crash will smash the Radicals, like the bull and the locomotive, you can see the consequence. Panic makes the nation all bankrupt. Hence no taxes—and that is repudiation. There, sir, is where you are wrong. I am no repudiator; you misunderstand me. Wendell Phillips is a repudiator; so is Ben. Butler. One made a repudiating speech at Boston—the other at Troy. Greenbacks are not repudiation. The French assignats, the Confederate debt, the Continental money are not analagous. There was no trade, no agriculture, no manufactures, no commerce back of these debts, while America only wants ten years of inflated currency to shut England out of our market, and start factories and foundries everywhere. Greenbacks mean prosperity. Gold or specie payment is bankruptcy—and that is repudiation and ruin. Now, what the South wants is more currency—one thousand millions at least, and the repeal of the cotton tax; that will start everybody ahead. This fanaticism will die out. Time brings all things even. Nothing will save the Radicals but another New Orleans massacre. Get that repudiating idea out of your head, and go in for greenbacks. England was twenty-five years building herself up on greenbacks—but she did it; so did France; so did Russia. Frederick carried on his seven years' war against Maria, *on* greenbacks, and Maria and Joseph followed his example. When you come North, drop in, and we will talk it over. Sincerely,

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

WE clip this *admirable defence* of our two hundred and fifty wise men in the Constitutional Convention from the *Sun*. We are glad to know that Mr. Dana is at his post again, as he is one of the most able and piquant writers in the nation:

Our Constitutional Convention is about to reassemble. An unjustifiable tone of asperity has been manifested towards it in some quarters. It is charged with making too slow progress. To write a resolution for a caucus, and frame a constitution for a State, are very different tasks. The one is an ephemeral effusion, the other is for all time. This distinguished body met in June. Those who reproach it with tardiness during the past seven months forget that it has had to adjourn from Friday to Monday or Tuesday in each week to recuperate its exhausted energies; and that when trying to sit it has had no quorum about two-thirds of the time. Besides, it took a recess from October till far into December, and another till near the middle of January, and came near extending it to May. At first blush, three months would seem to be a long recess; and doubtless it would be for a mass meeting or a cattle show. But for a body engaged in engendering a Constitution, it may be deemed comparatively short. It is manifestly unjust to blame the Convention for doing nothing when not in session or when destitute of a quorum; for, in the former predicament, it could only do nothing, and in the latter it could merely do likewise.

It has been objected that it has clogged its progress by creating too many standing committees, and placing thereon too many members. But, if our memory is not at fault, its committees do not exceed fifty or sixty, with not more than twenty or thirty gentlemen on each. These cavillers seem to forget the old adage that division of labor diminishes work. It has been charged that all the members participate in all the debates, and fault is found with the length of the speeches. This is a gross perversion of the facts. We doubt whether any member has delivered more than two hundred and fifty speeches, while some have made less than fifty; and we have seen no single speech that filled more than a dozen issues of the Albany *Journal*.

Then, too—for there is no end to these captious criticisms—some complain that the Convention has considered too great a variety of subjects, run them too much into detail, and completed none of them. This is taking a narrow view of the scope of its mission. It is framing the fundamental law of a State that is brimming over with woman and negroes, legislators and rogues, judges and criminals, bankers and gamblers, canals and penitentiaries, railways and hospitals, salt springs and distilleries, colleges and theatres, and we know not what else—all clamoring to have their inalienable rights and vested interests defined and protected. To settle all these matters for all futurity will, of course, involve interminable details and consume illimitable time. We cannot withhold our severest censure from attempts to institute invidious comparisons between the doings of our Convention and those of similar bodies in the unreconstructed States—as if there could be any analogy between the cool, calm style in which statesmen and savants gravely deliberate over amendments to the organic law of New York, and the hot, hasty way in which negroes and nondescripts recently disposed of a cognate subject in Alabama. There, just emerging from the chaos of civil war, and with a tempting opportunity to distinguish themselves and enlighten mankind by novel experiments in constitution-making, they ignobly shrank from the task, finished their work in three weeks, and adjourned. Here, our publicists and philosophers, ap-

preciating the grandeur of their mission, and aware that no other body like this will be convened during the present generation, patriotically and patiently pursue the even tenor of their way.

GOV. FENTON'S MESSAGE.

GOV. FENTON LETS THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG. WOMEN IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

It is an error, however, to suppose that females and minors contribute nothing to our political resources as elements of productive wealth. It is to be remembered that all invested capital is productive to the community as well as to the party making the investment, and that a very large proportion of the wealth of the State is owned by females.

Our good Governor, in his message last year, had no word for the women of the State, half his constituency. So in our speech before the Legislature we reminded him that certain large property holders in New York had the right to a voice in amending the Constitution of the State.

It seems our words, like a grain of mustard seed fell on good ground, for in the message before us we find he recognizes not only the fact that there are women in this State, but that they are large property holders and add much to the "practical resources" and "elements of productive wealth."

Yes, the Governor is right, women own one half the property and have *trained* up those who own the other half. They have done their full share in furnishing the bone and sinew of the army and navy and civil government—Admirals, Generals, Governors, Senators and even the Delegates to the present Constitutional Convention—and they are taxed too, to pay them six dollars a day to insult their own mothers, by thrusting them outside the pale of political consideration, with minors, negroes, idiots lunatics, and criminals.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Editors of the Revolution:

I was forty years a slave in Crawford county, Georgia. I came away from my master, Washington Parsons, when Sherman's army passed through to the seaboard, found passage North in a steamer. I married a free woman in Connecticut. I refused to buy cider of a church member in Litchfield county for $8.00 per barrel, or any other price. Besides clothing myself, caring for family, and paying monthly rent for a part of a widow's house, laid by in the saving's bank and otherwise two hundred and fifty dollars in fifteen months, enough to constitute me a voter in the Empire State.

THE REVOLUTION is a significant and ominous name for your paper, but it is destined to find readers not only in your own sinks of iniquity at home, but in other more healthy but not less idolatrous portions of the country.

JEREMIAH PECK, a Country Miller.

THE ever busy tongue of slander has seized on the fair name and fame of the late Gov. Andrew, of Massachusetts, and applied to him the epithet of *drunkard*. One of his intimate friends, and political and official associates, Francis W. Bird, Esq., in some most interesting reminiscences of the late Governor in the Boston *Commonwealth*, meets the charge thus:

Let me say one word in reply to a slander which only ignorance or malice could have originated, and which prejudice, unfortunately, led too many to believe. Gov. Andrew never professed total abstinence, but to the end of his life was, in the best sense of the term, a temperate man. In all his official visits, he took care that no intoxicating drinks were ever placed upon the table; and in all the visits made by the Governor and Council for the three years that I served in the Council, I never saw a drop of intoxicating liquors offered to or used by the Governor, or any member of his Council, at any one of the public institutions of the State In his personal habits he was remarkably temperate, especially for one whose nervous system was under such constant strain. As a uniform rule he would decline a glass of wine at the table unless etiquette required him simply to taste it, and, in preference, would drink his black tea. And during years of most unreserved intimacy, when he well knew that the knowledge of an over-indulgence would never pass beyond the circle in which it might happen, I never saw him partake of intoxicating drinks to an extent that even the most uncharitable could condemn as excessive. It is painful, even to write these things; but I feel it a duty, as I remember the cruel insinuations which have been made by bigoted partisans during the past year, to place this statement on permanent record.

A EULOGY ON WOMAN, BY "MARK TWAIN."

AT the dinner given by the Correspondents Club at Washington, on Saturday night, "Mark Twain" was called on to respond to the usual toast to "Woman," which he did in the following characteristic style:

MR. PRESIDENT: I do not know why I should have been singled out to receive the greatest distinction of the evening—for so the office of replying to the toast to woman has been regarded in every age. (Applause.) I do not know why I have received this distinction, unless it be that I am a trifle less homely than the other members of the club. But be this as it may, Mr. President, I am proud of the position, and you could not have chosen any one who would have accepted it more gladly or labored with a heartier good-will to do the subject justice, than I. Because, sir, I love the sex. (Laughter.) I love all the women, sir, irrespective of age or color. (Laughter.)

Human intelligence cannot estimate what we owe to woman, sir. She sews on our buttons (laughter), she mends our clothes (laughter), she ropes us in at the church fairs; she confides in us; she tells us whatever she can find out about the little private affairs of the neighbors; she gives us good advice—and plenty of it; she gives us a piece of her mind sometimes—and sometimes all of it; she soothes our aching brows; she bears our children—ours as a general thing. In all the relations of life, sir, it is but just, and a graceful tribute to woman, to say of her that she is a brick. (Great laughter.)

Wheresoever you place women, sir—in whatever position or estate—she is an ornament to that place she occupies, and a treasure to the world. (Here Mr. Twain paused, looked inquiringly at his hearers, and remarked that the applause should come in at this point. It came in. Mr. Twain resumed his eulogy.) Look at the noble names of history! Look at Cleopatra! look at Desdemona! look at Florence Nightingale! look at Joan of Arc! look at Lucretia Borgia! (Disapprobation expressed. "Well," said Mr. Twain, scratching his head doubtfully, "suppose we let Lucretia slide.") Look at Joyce Heth! look at Mother Eve! (Cries of "Oh!" "Oh!", You need not look at her unless you want to, but (said Mr. Twain, reflectively, after a pause) Eve was ornamental, sir, particularly before the fashions changed! I repeat, sir, look at the illustrious names of history. Look at the Widow Machree! look at Lucy Stone! look at Elizabeth Cady Stanton! look at George Francis Train! (Great laughter.) And, sir, I say it with bowed head and deepest veneration, look at the mother of Washington! She raised a boy that could not lie—could not lie. (Applause.) But he never had any chance. (Oh, Oh!) It might have been different with him if he had belonged to a newspaper correspondents' club. (Laughter, groans, hisses, cries of "Put him out." Mark looked around placidly upon his excited audience and resumed:)

I repeat, sir, that in whatsoever position you place a woman she is an ornament to society and a treasure to the world. As a sweetheart she has few equals and no superiors (laughter); as a cousin she is convenient; as a wealthy grandmother, with an incurable distemper, she is precious; as a wet nurse she has no equal among men! (Laughter.)

What, sir, would the peoples of the earth be without woman? * * * * They would be scarce, sir—almighty scarce! Then let us cherish her—let us protect her—let us give her our support, our encouragement, our sympathy—ourselves, if we get a chance. (Laughter.)

But, jesting aside, Mr. President, woman is lovable, gracious, kind of heart, beautiful—worthy of all respect, of all esteem, of all deference. Not any here will refuse to drink her health right cordially in this bumper of wine, for each and every one of us has personally known, and loved, and honored the very best one of them all—his own mother! (Applause.)

A MOTHER TO A DAUGHTER.

MY DAUGHTER: Sixteen years of merry, careless girlhood have passed, and now, "standing with reluctant feet" at the parting of childhood and womanhood, you need some suggestions from one more experienced than yourself, ere you enter the mysterious future. Over it rests a halo that allures while it awes; and well may you pause, for in the beyond what vast possibilities!

There, too, are quicksand's shoals and pitfalls, which have swallowed thousands of beautiful souls. Along the way you encounter unnumbered obstacles; an impish brood of sarcasms hiss; friends avert their faces; men taunt you as "strong-minded" and "masculine;" and pleasure, ease, and luxury allure you *to fatal* retreats. Only with labor and self-denial will you, in this present age, stem the current of popular life, and become true to your own inherent womanly instincts.

But you are strong, well-developed, and natural, thanks to a healthy, unrestrained life, fresh air, simple food, and Dr. Lewis's gymnastics, and with a fine intellectual endowment united to such a splendid physique, the world has need of your services. There is a work for you, and all girls like you, to do, so grand, so glorious that I cannot but cry out from the depths of my being, that you may be roused to the idea of woman's power *over the civilization of the future!* And in speaking to you, I address all young girls whom my pen can reach.

So lay aside the last new novel, cease to dream of "a love of a hat," or the last new style of *chignons*, and I will try not to weary you; for I was once a school-girl also, and dreamed and read and planned as you may now be doing.

Do you know, my daughter, what a glorious thing it is to be a woman? During the holidays you said, "If I were only a boy, I could hope for pleasant, active life; but our habits are such that girls are constantly fretting at the restraints they endure." True, there is abundant cause for this restlessness, but the day is rapidly approaching when all athletic sports and work may be yours.

Already you row, swim, skate and ride, and in country places, at least, the old prejudice against the dainty and neat gymnastic costume, as an out-door dress, is dying away. Still boys have an advantage over you in following out all natural instincts. It is counted improper for a girl to run, swing her arms, and use all those free movements of the body that give supleness and vigor to her, no less than to her brother.

In this freedom you are as wild, elastic and straight as the Indian maiden, "Bright Alferata." To your pale city cousins, with waists cramped from the time they were ten years of age, and who have never dared to exercise fully, for fear of tumbling costly finery, or being "rude and unladylike," we extend all needful sympathy. No wonder they wish they were boys! With pale cheeks and lustreless eyes, the result of unnatural habits, they are early forced into society where the chief conversa-

. . .

tion is not that which stimulates the reasoning or elevates the moral and spiritual faculties.

Ah! my child, the day is already dawning when there shall be no cramping of the energies of your being, simply because you are a *woman*. But you shall feel more and more deeply, as time rolls on, that yours is a precious heritage.

Prophetic souls know that through the intuitions of the womanly nature, shall come the grandest developments of humanity. Not that I undervalue true manhood; beside it true womanhood is "perfect music unto noble words." But men have long since had every field open to their energies, and it is no disrespect to them to say that they have proved all they are capable of doing *alone*.

But when woman rises from the position of drudge or toy to become his moral and spiritual inspirer, he shall find that his better nature has been hitherto dwarfed and distorted.

Thousands will welcome THE REVOLUTION, as the first organ devoted to the needs and wrongs of women, and through them to all radical reform. More odious than negro slavery, more vicious than any special form of vice, has been their condition; and it is only unrecognized as such, because the world does not know of what we are capable. There is a fine, tenacious strength that has eluded all restraints, that shall yet shake the globe to its centre. From your generation I hope much—how much I will tell you hereafter.

Affectionately, H. M. H. P.

New Brunswick, N. J., January 15, 1868.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

Editress of The Revolution:

MADAME: As this gentleman sets out again for the troublous shores of *perfide Albion*, permit me to testify how energetically he retaliated on the British for their insidious wiles and indecent haste to grant belligerent rights to the late rebels. How often have I heard him, night after night, "beard the lion in his den" in the discussion halls and their public places of England, and amid infuriated crowds utter truths that tended to shake the crafty oliyarchy of Britian in their gorgeous clubs, palaces and castles. Here he prophesied the ultimate success of the Union forces and the revolutionary spirit which should overtake Great Britain, and which it is hoped a righteous Providence will crown with success, retaliating on the tyrants for their manifold cruelties, and exact from these "oppressors of the weak and crouchers to the strong," ample retribution for the misery which they sought to entail and perpetuate in this fair land. If Mr. Train in this new campaign do as much good service as in past times, he will be such a *bete noir* to the English plutocrats that all their Machivellian astuteness will battle against him in vain.

Yours very sincerely, B. WOOD.

GOVERNMENT ECONOMY.—It was reported in our United States Congress as a rare specimen of government economy, that an old steam transport was offered by her owner for sale at $4,000; but instead of purchasing, the government agents continued to charter, until her owners had received over $19,000 for her services, and owned her still. As an offset to this, the English papers are making complaints about one of their admirals, who ordered two naval steamers to go from Lisbon to Gibralter to get a stock of coal, and then return to Lisbon. One of them expended 550 tons of coal, and the other 485 tons, in going to Gibraltar, where they each took on board 300 tons. When they got back to Lisbon one of them had 250 tons less coal on board than when they started, while the voyage cost them $3,880 in gold, which the British Exchequer has to pay.

MISSOURI WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

Editors of the Revolution:

IN order to show the steady progress that the grand idea of Equal Rights is slowly but surely making among the people of these United States, I think that it would be well, in the beginning at least, to make a record in THE REVOLUTION, of the fact of each successive State organization; and for that purpose I send you the list of officers for the association in Missouri, not yet a year old; as also their petition to the Legislature for a change in the organic law and a brief address to the Voters of the State, in support of the movement.

To the Voters of Missouri:

The Women of this State having organized for the purpose of agitating their claim to the ballot, it becomes every intelligent and reflecting mind to consider the question fairly and dispassionately. If it has merits, it will eventually succeed; if not, it will fail.

I am of the number of those who believe that claim to be just and right, for the following, among other reasons:

Taxation and Representation should go hand in hand. This is the very corner-stone of our government. Its founders declared, and the declaration cannot be too often repeated: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure those rights, governments are instituted among men, *deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed.*

The man who believes in that declaration cannot justly deny to women the right of suffrage. They are citizens, they are tax-payers; they bear the burdens of government—why should they be denied the rights of citizens? We boast about liberty and equality before the law, when the truth is, our government is controlled by *one-half only* of its population. The others have no more voice in the making of their laws, or the selection of their rulers, than the criminals who are in our penitentiaries; nay, in one respect their condition is not as good as that of the felon, for he may be pardoned and restored to a right which woman can never obtain. And this, not because she has committed any crime, or violated any law, but simply because she is, what God made her, a woman! Possessed of the same intelligence—formed in the same mold—having the same attributes, parts and passions—held by her Maker to the same measure of responsibility here and hereafter, her actual position in society at this day, is that of an inferior. No matter what her qualifications may be, every avenue to success is virtually closed to her. Even when she succeeds in obtaining employment, she gets only half the pay that a man does for the same work. But, it is said, woman's sphere is at home. Would giving her the right to vote interfere with her home duties any more than it does with a man's business? Again it is said, that for her to vote would be unfeminine. Is it at all more indelicate for a woman to go to the polls, than it is to go to the court-house and pay her taxes? The truth is, woman occupies just the position that man has placed her in, and it ill becomes him to urge such objections. Give her a chance—give her the opportunity of proving whether these objections are well-founded or not. Her influence for good is great, notwithstanding all the disadvantages under which she at present labors; and my firm belief is, that that influence would be greatly enhanced and extended by the exercise of this new right. It would be felt at the ballot-box and in the halls of legislation. Better men, as a general rule, would be elected to office, and society in all its ramifications, would feel and rejoice at the change.

A VOTER.

To the General Assembly of the State of Missouri:

GENTLEMEN: The undersigned women of Missouri, believing that all citizens who are taxed for the support of the government and subject to its laws, should have a voice in the making of those laws, and the selection of their rulers; that, as the possession of the ballot ennobles and elevates the character of man, so, in like manner, it would ennoble and elevate that of woman, by giving her a direct and personal interest in the affairs of government; and further, believing that the spirit of the age, as well as every consideration of justice and equity, require that the ballot should be extended to our sex, do unite in praying that an amendment to the Constitution may be proposed, striking out the word "male," and extending to women the right of suffrage.

And, as in duty bound, your petitioners will ever pray.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION OF MISSOURI.

MRS. FRANCIS MINOR, President.
MRS. BEVERLY ALLEN, Vice-President.
MRS. WM. T. HAZARD, Corresponding Secretary.
MRS. GEO. D. HALL, Recording Secretary.
MRS. N. STEVENS, St. Louis, Missouri, Treasurer.

Copies of petition, and information furnished upon addressing either of above named officers.

Formation of Auxiliary Associations in every county requested. Petitions when completely signed to be returned to the head office.

These papers will serve to show that the idea has taken root in other States beyond the Mississippi, besides Kansas; and may also be somewhat of a guide to others, who may desire to accomplish the same purpose elsewhere.

A work of such magnitude requires, of course, time for its development; but the leaven is working. The fountains of the great deep of public thought have been broken up. The errors and prejudices of six thousand years are yielding to the sunlight of truth. In spite of pulpits and politicians, the Great Idea is making its way to the hearts of the people; and woman may rejoice in believing that the dawn of her deliverance, so long hoped for and prayed for, is at last approaching. F. M.

St. Louis, January, 1868.

REASON WHY.

I.—IMMORTALITY.

THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, as represented in the *National Anti-Slavery Standard*, are dead; for they have no issue. Their name is a lie, and their creed a farce; for the only "AMERICAN" slavery, the only "*National*" slavery to-day—the slavery of Woman—they refuse to impeach. Their bark rots in a dead-calm; for they let the Republican ship, in whose wake they wallow, take the wind from their sails. Their life-boat is wrecked on the shoals; for they left the roadway of principle, shipped a cargo of expediency, and got their bottom barnacled with party fossils. Their estate is bankrupt; for they threw overboard their capital of conscience, consistency and courage. Their house is cold and dark; for they have turned their faces from the sun of righteousness, and have gone to burrow in the mole-hills of political trimmery.

They are dead. But there is a power that can raise them to life,—even to "life eternal." That power is Truth—their Christ from whom they have apostatized. Let them return to him; let them declare that, "*Wherever an individual is wronged with the consent of the community, there is Slavery; and the individual wronged is a Slave;*" let them, on this platform, resume their discarded faith of yore, that "*One*, with God, is a majority:" and they will again live—a life of usefulness, broad as Human Nature, and enduring as Human Society. G. M.

A CHAPLAIN in Arkansas says that a man buying furs was conversing with a hunter's wife at whose house he called, and asked her if there

were any Presbyterians around there. She hesitated for a moment, and then said she guessed not—"her husband hadn't killed any since they'd lived there, and he knowed every critter that ran about these woods."

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN IN LUCK.

ENGLAND AT LAST ADOPTS STREET RAILWAYS.

While the country—we mean the people thereof—have been nominating Mr. Train for the Presidency—while the press are rolling him over the land, either by sarcastic flings or complimentary notices, Mr. Train is wending his way to England to look after his great speculation on that side of the water. At last the English see the necessity of doing him justice on his street railways. The bill he has brought before Parliament, gridirons London with its several lines. We copy from the London *Engineer:*

METROPOLITAN TRAMWAYS.

A bill is about to be brought before Parliament which has for its object to authorize the establishment of a company to lay down and work tramways in the metropolis. It is proposed to construct thirteen of these tramways. No. 1 will be laid from the Old Kent-road through Albany-road and Neate-street, and will pass through the parishes of St. George the Martyr and St. Giles, Camberwell; No. 2 will be commenced at the Elephant and Castle, and be continued along the New Kent-road, Great Dover-street, Trinity-street, and Great Suffolk-street, and will terminate in the centre of the Southwark Bridge road; No. 3 will commence in the Westminster-bridge-road, and will be continued through St. George's-circus and the Borough-road, terminating in Southwark-street; No. 4 will begin at the obelisk in St. George's-crescent, and will terminate at the same point as No. 3, but will be constructed along the Blackfriars-road; No. 5 will communicate between the Ophthalmic Hospital in the Westminster Bridge-road and the Elephant and Castle; No. 6 will commence at the Elephant and Castle, and proceeding along London-road and Newington Causeway, will terminate at the Southwark Bridge-road. It is proposed that No. 7 shall commence at the termination of No. 3, and shall pass through Stamford-street and York-road to the Westminster Bridge-road. Tramway No. 9 will begin at the corner of Oakley street, Kennington-road, and will end at the termination of No. 7, traversing Allen-street, Royal-street, Crozier-street, and Palace-road; No. 10 is to commence in the Westminster Bridge-road, near the south-west corner of Oakley-street, and will be laid along Kennington-road, Lower and Upper Kennington-green, the Brixton-road, Grove-road, Park-road, Harleyford-street, Clayton-street, to the Westminster Bridge-road; No. 10A is to start from Moore-place, in the Kennington-road, and to terminate in St. George's-circus; No. 11 will communicate between Harleyford-street and the Camberwell New-road; No. 11A will start from Brixton-road, and will join No. 11 in the Camberwell New-road; No. 12 will start from the Elephant and Castle, and be continued along St. George's-road to its termination in the Westminster Bridge-road; No. 12A is to commence in the London-road, at the corner of St. George's-road, and, after making a circuit, will return to the same point.

These are the original thirteen lines mapped out by Mr. Train, and we presume his recent sudden departure is connected with his patent. He is also succeeding in Liverpool.

STREET TRAMWAYS IN LIVERPOOL.

It seems likely, from the action already taken by some of the principal traders of Liverpool, that a street tramway system for that town will be sanctioned by Parliament in the present session. Last year the scheme proposed was resisted by one of the shop-keepers of Bold-street. This year the promoters of a scheme substantially the same as that of last year have given notice of application for a bill, but deferring to the opponents last session, they avoid Bold-street. The traders are now alarmed and have held an influential meeting this week, at which they have passed resolutions to the effect that a street tramway is desirable and practicable, and that it should, by all means, embrace Bold-street in its course. A committee has been appointed to promote the objects of the resolutions.—*London Engineer.*

As Mr. Train is entitled to five hundred pounds a mile by the patent which he holds eight years more to run. from the Queen of England, one cannot surely estimate the enormous income he should and will receive. His five London roads were taken up at fearful expense, but Mr. Train succeeded in keeping down the Birkenhead road, which, we understand, he still owns. We do not think that his visit abroad has any other significance than his business interests, although it has been reported that he is associated with the government in some way regarding the Alabama claims.

THE PEOPLE'S VOICE.

The responses from the people at the advent of The Revolution are cheering to the highest degree. Specimens were given last week. Only a few words from a few of our piles of letters can find space in the too scanty columns of The Revolution.

From a lady in Lynn, Mass.:

I enclose my earnest God speed in the shape of ten subscribers besides myself, and more are promised. Glad voices are greeting you from both worlds. Enclosed are twenty dollars and names of the subscribers.

From a lady in New Jersey:

Welcome, thrice welcome to The Revolution! It shall have my earnest support. Enclosed is the subscription price for a copy for our home and another for our daughter away at school in Massachusetts.

From a lady in Cincinnati, Ohio:

I shall do my best to solicit subscribers for The Revolution as soon as I receive the paper or prospectus, for I know its importance. We will get a notice in the papers here of The Revolution, and will spare no pains to add to your circulation. You may always consider me a co-worker in any thing that is radical in advancing liberty for all mankind.

From a gentleman in New Hampshire:

Your Revolution came to hand late last evening. It is a case of "love at first sight." I am a subscriber. Here is the money; acknowledge the receipt of $2. Alleluiah! The world moves!

From New Jersey:

Hip, Hip, Hurrah for the new Revolution! It is certainly worthy of a three-times-three and a tiger, from every lover of the human race. Long looked for, come at last. Just the thing for the exigencies of the hour. *Equal rights to all; no taxation without representation* has been my motto for the past forty years. That is the flag I fight under, so here goes. Please book me as a high private. (Two dollars enclosed.)

From a lady in Connecticut:

I see that you have issued the first number of The Revolution. I am very glad and grateful, and shall send on my subscription.

From Hartford, Conn.:

Miss S. B. Anthony: I enclose $2 for The Revolution for the coming year. This grand paper ought to live. It is the first one, so far as I know, founded on complete justice. It is got up in an exceedingly tasteful manner, to say nothing of the excellence of its articles. I am anxious to extend its circulation as much as possible. The greater part of the Republican journals may maintain a dignified silence in regard to it, as advised by the magisterial N. Y. *Times*. They know well that this is much worse for a new publication than the most bitter attacks can be. Keeping the name of a journal before the country, whether in praise or censure, is the surest guarantee of its success.

Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont.—Among the petitions presented in the Senate last week was one from Mrs. Fremont, praying that certain real estate property in San Francisco, belonging to her, which the Government had taken possession of, might be restored to her. And as it was not a petition for *right of suffrage* the brave Senators dared speak the gifted lady's name and request. When women ask suffrage there, both are virtually kept out of sight, especially when their petitions are presented by Republican Senators. Democrats have not yet so meanly dodged their duty.

BREAD AND THE BALLOT.

In this city alone there are many thousands of women who support themselves by laboring at all sorts of trades. There are thirty-eight thousand more females than males in New York, and thrice or four times that number are dependent on their own labor. It has been lately stated that not less than three thousand of these are engaged in the manufacture of hoop skirts alone. Of the one hundred and fifty thousand school teachers in the United States, over one hundred thousand are females. Many of the New York establishments, like Stewart's and others, each employ eight hundred and one thousand females in manufacturing all sorts of articles of female dress.—*World.*

The Revolution is the organ for all these. Send in your subscriptions and complaints that we may show the chivalry of New York the slavery that exists in the garrets and cellars of this city, and even in your schools where young girls are teaching for a miserable pittance. Let the 100,000 school teachers demand the ballot and thus double their salaries.

WHY DO WOMEN SEND THEIR PETITIONS TO THE DEMOCRATS!!

To the Senate and House of Representatives in Congress Assembled:

We, the undersigned, citizens of....., in the State of ...., do humbly petition your honorable body for immediate legislation to secure to Women Equal Suffrage with men in the District of Columbia.

Above is a copy of a petition women are sending to Republican members of the Senate and House, which they read thus, "I present a petition for impartial suffrage signed, by——*people.*"

Our Republicans are growing more and more shame-faced. Last Winter they could not present a Woman's petition without an apology; now they cannot mention the name Woman. Send your petitions to the Democrats, they will tell who you are and what you want!

Horsehair Snakes.—The *Scientific American* has a correspondent who writes thus on a question under consideration in recent issues of that paper:

With your kind permission I would like to speak a few words about the "snakes" in question. When I resided in Pennsylvania, I, in company with many other lads, use to tie a bundle of horse hairs into a hard knot and then immerse them in the brook, when the water began to get warm, in due time we would have just as many animals, with the power of locomotion and appearance of snakes, as there were hairs in the bundle. I have raised them one-eighth of an inch in diameter, with perceptible eyes and mouth on the butt end or root part of the hair. Take such a snake and dip it in an alkaline solution, and the flesh or mucus that formed about the hair will dissolve, and the veritable horse hair is left. They will not generate in limestone water, only in freestone or salt water. T. W. B,

Covington, Ky.

A Woman Shooting.—A Swiss journal says that a young woman named Anna Arnold, sister of an innkeeper at Willisau (Lucerne), has just carried off the first prize at a rifle shooting competition of that town, having made a hit with every shot.

The 250 wise men in the Constitutional Convention of N. Y. told the women of N. Y. that the bullet and ballot went together. It may be when women get the franchise they'll shoot the mark with their ballots and give us better legislation. Gentlemen of N. Y., amend the second Article of your Constitution and we will try.

A steam saw-mill in Bristol, Ind., is managed by a man and his two daughters. One of the girls is engineer and fireman, and the other helps her father lift the boards and roll the logs.

The Revolution.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, PARKER PILLSBURY, } Editors.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 22, 1868.

TRAIN IN A BRITISH JAIL.

SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE REVOLUTION FROM GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

British Jail, Monday, 12 M.

My first gun is fired—Lord Derby quails—Revolution—Kuczkowski—Ireland for the Irish—American citizens' rights in Europe—Alabama—or war—galvanize Johnson and Seward—are they Americans? Adams a British Toady.

George Francis Train.

CONGRESS VS. THE COUNTRY.

Mr. Eldridge next addressed the House in opposition to the bill. Words would fail him, he said, to denounce it with the feeling and emotion with which it inspired him. He would repeat the question, and let the gentleman (Bingham of Ohio) answer it now: What pre-existing government did he propose to guarantee by this bill?

Mr. Bingham—I intend that form of government to be guaranteed which is contemplated by the words "a republican form of government," and inasmuch as the majority in every one of the ten States lately in insurrection, battered down by treason——

Mr. Eldridge (impatiently cutting off the sentence)—Oh, don't give us any of your rhetoric now! (Laughter.) Give us your answer.

Mr. Bingham—Never mind. If you want an answer you will have it.

Mr. Eldridge—I do not want any of your rhetoric; I do not know how to deal with it. (Laughter.)

Mr. Bingham—That is a fact, sir. You may call it rhetoric, but it is a fact.

Mr. Eldridge—Well, then, let us have it.

Mr. Bingham (attempting to finish the interrupted sentence)—They battered down their governments by treason——

Mr. Eldridge (without allowing the sentence to be closed)—Well, Mr. Speaker, I must resume the floor. The gentleman will not answer my question.

Mr. Bingham—I am going to answer it.

Mr. Eldridge—I cannot wait for the answer. But the gentleman shall not escape me. If he answers the question he shall have the opportunity; but I do not want rhetoric. We have had enough of that.

Mr. Bingham (somewhat ruffled)—But is not that a fact?

Mr. Eldridge—It is a fact that the gentleman deals with nothing else than rhetoric. (Laughter.)

Mr. Bingham (a little more ruffled)—Is it a fact, sir, that treason battered down the government of South Carolina?

Mr. Eldridge—Well, supposing it is?

Mr. Bingham—Saying thus battered down——

Mr. Eldridge (nearly out of patience)—Well, none of your rhetoric, sir. Answer my question.

Mr. Bingham—I do answer it, sir, and I answer it in the words of James Madison, the maker of your constitution.

Mr. Eldridge (with patience entirely exhausted)—I resume the floor. (Laughter.) The gentleman cannot answer my question; he dare not answer it.

Mr. Bingham—I dare do it, sir, if you let me. (Laughter.)

Mr. Eldridge—I will give the gentleman an opportunity to answer it now in one minute.

Mr. Bingham—One minute is rather short.

Mr. Eldridge—It is rather short, but I want to get rid of the rhetoric. (Laughter.)

Mr. Bingham—Shakspeare gave a fellow forty minutes to girdle the earth. (Laughter.)

Mr. Eldridge—Yes, but I don't want you to go all round the world in giving an answer. (Laughter.)

Mr. Bingham—The man who was called the father of the constitution, James Madison, has answered the gentleman's question. He declared, that when the majority of a State batter down its government by treason it is the right and duty of the federal government to enable the minority to rebuild it. That is my answer. [Applause in the galleries, which was promptly checked by the Speaker.]

Mr. Eldridge—That is not a fact. Mr. Madison never uttered such a sentiment.

Mr. Bingham—I beg leave to say that he did, and I will prove it to-morrow.

Mr. Eldridge [sneeringly]—To-morrow?

Mr. Bingham [firing up]—Yes, sir, to-morrow. And I challenge the gentleman——

Mr. Eldridge—Oh, I care nothing about the gentleman's challenge; but will he answer me?

Mr. Bingham—I know all that the gentleman knows on that question, and what I know myself besides. [General laughter.]

Mr. Eldridge—The gentleman never lost an occasion to put before Congress and the country what he knew, and a great many things, I think, that he does not know. [Laughter.]

This was the last hostile shot, and the belligerents hauled off.

The above is an extract from the Congressional proceedings of last Thursday, continued, the papers say, till a late hour at night. Gerrit Smith used to bear testimony against all night sessions, when he was a member of the House, as neither honorable nor profitable to Congress or the country. John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, once said in the Senate, "If the people only knew how we spend our time here and their money, they would move on us in a body and drive us from the Capitol." Both these humiliating confessions were made many years ago, before the present appalling state of degeneracy and corruption, so prevalent among our public men.

In the above cited extracts, we do but hold the mirror up to nature. Indeed, far more disgusting scenes than these are often witnessed on hat same floor. All seem to have been in good nature; at least, dirks were not drawn, nor fists clenched. Nor was any member arraigned at the bar of the House for using "*infamous*" words in debate. John Morrissey, it is said, owns that he has been a boon companion with horse-jockeys, drunkards, gamblers, prize-fighters, cock-fighters, and dog-fighters; and yet he insists that he has to look on scenes in Congress more dishonorable than in any company he ever kept before. The statement may not be true, but the people will have their opinions nevertheless. The farce enacted between Messrs. Eldridge and Bingham, seems many times to have convulsed the House with laughter. They were the clowns of the congressional circus for the evening, or the jesters, as in the palaces of the old Saxon and English kings. But the nation no longer laughs over such unpardonable squandering of time and treasure. Commerce, with its capital stored, its warehouses left to the moles and bats, its ships rotting at the piers, no longer laughs. Manufacturers, with goods unsold, with mills and machinery silenced, do not laugh. The small farmers, tradesmen, artisans, and mechanics, who are starving themselves to meet their frightful taxes, and, if possible, preserve their little homesteads to themselves and children; these do not laugh. And the starving, unemployed myriads in city, town, and village, all over the land, men, women, and children, North, South, East, West; no work, no wages, no hope, no prospect while this *reign of terror*, of the king of terrors lasts; face to face with famine and death, God pity them, aye, and you too, ye merry members of Congress, if He can; for you cannot make them laugh! "I will say of laughter it is mad, and of mirth what doeth it," could never have been more appropriately written than at the national capital in this fearful hour. Dingy, dumb millions, grimed with dust and sweat, with darkness, rage and sorrow, appeal to our cachinating congress for some relief, some form of justice and government, and are only met with "*general laughter!*" The South is, or is to be before the Spring opens, in a state of extremest beggary. Dispatches are received from Mississippi saying, "we have neither meat, bread, no breadstuffs to feed the people, whites or blacks, three months; nor is there money to buy with when the present scanty supplies are gone!" But in many places the "three months' supply" is already exhausted, nor is there money to buy more. Deputations and delegations come up from the South to lay its wants and woes before the government. The government listens, promises to investigate the case soon, and "adjourns over to Monday," and the whole matter is forgotten in musty wit and mouldy joke.

Louis XV. of France, riding in one of his immense parks, royally caparisoned for the chase, and superbly attended, met a ragged peasant half starved, carrying a coffin. "For whom?" asked his majesty. It was for a poor brother slave the king had often seen delving there. "Of what did he die?" "Of hunger, your majesty!" The king gave his steed the spur, galloping the faster towards guillotine and Revolution. Does Congress ever read history?

With the executive it is no better than with Congress. The President, General Grant, and Secretary Stanton are too busy with their own personal quarrels to bestow time or thought on anything else; if indeed a part of them at least are not too indifferent to even their own personal appearance and affairs, to give them so much attention as a decent regard for public opinion demands. General Grant, it is reported in the dispatches, was asked the other day his opinion on a vital measure in the work of reconstruction. With two or three tremendous puffs at his cigar, he turned on the inquirer with, "*have you seen Marshall Brown's new pups?*" The newspapers ring it round the land as an excellent joke, and praise the General for so sharply rebuking an impertinent question, and laud his tact and talent that way, while seeking to make him President. But the people are beginning to cry in agony of earnestness, How long, O Lord, how long! Such rulers are deaf to the voice of history and the wail of humanity alike. But they may proceed too far. More than volcanic fires slumber in the subterranean deeps of the human soul. The patience of the people and the forbearance of God are the two most surprising phenomena of the present terrible hour. If Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles I. his Cromwell, Marat his Charlotte Corday, and President Lincoln his John Wilkes Booth; if St. Domingo had its Touissant L'Overture, and Virginia its John Brown, what may not we witness should the right hand of an oppressed and outraged working populace ere long be lifted,

"Red with uncommon wrath." P. P.

The Revolution acknowledges the receipt of the N. Y. *World Almanac* for 1868, neatly done in a hundred and twelve pages, bursting all out with valuable information. Price, 20 cents single; 7 copies for one and 15 copies for two dollars, 37 Park Row.

48 Beekman St., New York,
January 17, 1868.

Editors of the Revolution.

The *National Anti-Slavery Standard* has refused to allow either the Protest, or the Card, hereunto annexed, to appear before its readers, on any condition whatever—either through its columns, or through the use of its subscription-books for addressing its subscribers by circular.

These documents, with the present letter, are, therefore, at your service for publication.

Gustav Müller.

PROTEST.

To the Editor of the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

I protest against the present conduct of the Standard. To wit:

—As a member of the American Anti-Slavery Society (whose organ the *Standard* is), I protest; because the *Standard* is false to the objects of this society. Those objects are: "The entire abolition of slavery in the United States," and "the elevation of the people of color." The *Standard*, in demanding and accepting a National Reconstruction based on Male Suffrage and a Constitutional Amendment to permit political distinction on the ground of Sex, remands the female half of the negro slaves to renewed slavery (adding, to their white male masters, two-million black male masters), and consigns the female half of the "people of color" to continued degradation.

—As a member of the American Community, I protest; because the *Standard* is false to the foundation-principle of this community,—that "all men are created equal." In its special-pleading for the inalienable rights of two-million black males, the *Standard* ignores, contemns and violates the equally inalienable rights of fifteen-million females—black and white.

—As a member of the Human Species, I protest; because the *Standard* is false to the virtue of this species. In dividing the claim of Citizen-Suffrage (which is logically indivisible) into the partial issues of Negro-Suffrage and Woman-Suffrage, and in giving, to one of these, preference before the other, the *Standard* blunts the weapons, scatters the forces, and impedes the march, of Reform.

—As a member of the Intelligent Universe (whose law is Truth), I protest; because the *Standard* is false to Truth. The *Standard's* watchword is: "No Concealment; No Compromise!" Its demand for Male Freedom CONCEALS one-half of the wrong for whose destruction the *Standard* was marshaled; its acceptance of Female Slavery COMPROMISES one-half of the right in whose behalf the *Standard* was enlisted. The *Standard's* theory says: "The State should be built on Humanity irrespective of its accidents." Its practice builds the State on the accident, Sex. The *Standard's* argument forbids the disfranchisement of any citizen. Its measures disfranchise half the nation. The *Standard's* war is against Caste. Its fight is for Caste. In bargaining to purchase abolition of White tyranny by perpetuation of Male tyranny, the *Standard* yields its ground, deserts its colors, and betrays its trust, to the service of the Enemy!

[signed] Gustav Müller.

New York, January 17, 1868.

CARD.

Whereas, I believe that the *National Anti-Slavery Standard*, in bartering-away the right of the Black Woman to Self-Government, fails to perform its duty as the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society (of which I am a member); that, in demoralizing the cause of Citizen-Suffrage, it makes itself an obstacle in the way of Justice; and that, in refusing to have placed before its readers, in any manner and on any terms, a protest against its conduct, it occupies an attitude unworthy of a public journal:

Therefore, I now withdraw from all co-operation with the *National Anti-Slavery Standard*.

[signed] Gustav Müller.

New York, January 17, 1868.

The necessity for such a card and protest as the above, is at first sight deeply to be regretted. But it seems an ordination of Nature that every advance step in human progress must be first taken by the few, sometimes by the one. The cutwater of the ship to the whole structure, ploughing the billows, is as the vanguard in the march of humanity. The anti-slavery standard itself in its beginning, was an illustrious instance of this truth. It was a sublime protest against the bigotry and narrowness which could not endure free speech and free action on the anti-slavery platform. *Person* was *masculine* only, in the grammar of enemies and apostates to the cause, and woman was commanded to keep silence. Mankind meant *male* kind only, and woman must not vote that to enslave and imbrute, beastify, and prostitute a sixth part of the women of the nation was a heinous sin and crime. "Let your women keep silence in the anti-slavery congregations," was the solemn injunction! and the rich, respectable, religious multitude departed, carrying the *Emancipator*, the organ of the society, and all the other property, amounting to many thousands of dollars, with them. They would not even allow the protests of the still adhering friends and supporters of the original principles of the Society to be published in the columns of the *Emancipator*.

Out of such moral stagnation and corruption, blossomed the *Anti-Slavery Standard*. In its spring-time and summer, it was the perfection of beauty: the beauty of holiness. The fragrance of its motto, *without concealment, without compromise*, was as the breath of heaven. Sex, as well as color and race, lost all distinction in its sacred presence. Deliverance to the captive was its mission, and all earnest souls were joyfully welcomed under its banner. On the anti-slavery platform, it was urged that woman as well as man was enslaved, and therefore woman should co-operate equally for emancipation.

When slavery was abolished and suffrage came to be the demand, the next one thing needful, woman as an equally disfranchised class, asserted her right and modestly, reasonably, and most economically, as will one day appear, asked that she be included in the claim, and that human rights, human equality, justice, impartial suffrage and citizenship should still be our glory and power. But so it could not be. And now winter has chilled the beauty and glory of the *Standard*, and free thought and free speech are compelled to seek refuge elsewhere. When Germany and Italy, France and Great Britain, exile their noblest sons and daughters for loving Justice and Liberty, or stifle their free utterance with threats of banishment and death, the time for Revolution draws nigh. When our noble friend Müller and others like him, "faithful among faithless found," are denied access to the *Standard* they have loved and served so long and well, let them rejoice, that The Revolution has begun in their country, and that their voices shall continue to reach the public ear, and their truth its heart. The Revolution has good cause to sympathize with Mr. Müller, for no notice of its existence as a journal is given; and its Prospectus is denied insertion in the columns of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, even as a paid advertisement. Surely from out the grave where the *Emancipator* has long mouldered, it must hear the wail of the ancient minstrel;

"Oh Lucifer—son of the morning,
How art thou fallen and become like unto us!"

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN'S LAST WORDS.

The last words of George Francis Train on board the Scotia, just before it sailed on that voyage which is destined for a niche in the Temple of History, were, "God bless old Ireland—God bless her martyrs, her noble boys! Stephen J. Meany and Capt. Warren I will see. Lord Derby dare not refuse me. There is a Great Destiny in store for me—I feel it. This voyage will be historical—every noble God-given thought nerves my very soul for America and American rights. Europe, her rights and nothing more. America, her rights and nothing less. I shall be President of the United States—the people's President. I shall pin the Derby government to the ground, and time-serving Seward to the American flag before I am forty-eight hours on British soul. Johnson may talk, Seward may drivel in long-winded dispatches, and Adams may dine and wine away American rights with noble Lords, but 'George Francis Train *will act*.' One native-born American citizen, at least while I live, will be as true to American Liberty as our Irish American citizens—no Johnson talking, no Seward writing, no Adams toadying away of our American birthright of 'liberty and equality for all men and all women, wherever our flag floats.' My instinct tells me my destiny is to settle the rights of American citizens abroad, the Alabama claims, Ireland for the Irish, and the rights of women—American women first—God bless them. Within forty-eight hours after I land on British soil, all Europe and America will ring with America's rights and George Francis Train. If the Derby government touch America in my body, they will want to drop it mighty quickly. Young America's day has come. I represent young America, Irish American citizens, and American women that ought to be citizens. The star of Britain has set, and young America's is rising. Destiny! of course I believe in destiny. Did not Napoleon, uncle and nephew, believe in destiny? Did not every man who has stamped his own image on living generations of humanity believe in destiny? Was not Napoleon and his tame eagle and Boulogne expedition laughed at and jeered as a *fiasco* by all Europe? Was it a *fiasco?* Did it not revive the slumbering Napoleonic fires in the bosom of France? Did it not drive the citizen king from his throne? A fiasco? Ask the vote of all France for the Napoleon of the tame eagle, the prisoner of Ham, as President of the Republic? A fiasco? Ask the Imperial purple of a France more powerful, more wealthy, more prosperous than the first Empire. A fiasco? Ask the Parvenu Emperor and his Parvenu Empress, more feared among the Kings and Emperors by the Grace of God—my good cousins—more, far more than his uncle ever was. No! destiny has controlled my every action from my youth upwards—destiny made me neither drink, lie, cheat, nor steal or deceive a woman—destiny made me create the Atlantic and Great Western Railroads, the Pacific Railroad, the Credit Mobilier, the Credit Foncier, my Omaha and Columbus gold mines, my nine thousand votes for women in Kansas, my sixty speeches to crowded audiences in the last three months, my forty unanimous nominations for President in people's conventions, this trip to Europe only thought of, as you know, three days ago, are all destiny. I obey its call, by the help of the water-cure, Kuczkowski and my vital energy from nature, I will fulfil my destiny. Allah Kerim! Good bye—be true to America and Liberty of thought and expression—no marring of God's divine image in the soul of humanity. Again, good bye, old fellow, stick to cold water, Kuczkowski and 44 Bond street—the birds are flying, it is time to shoot—times are coming for cool heads, steady hands, hard muscle, pluck and The Revolution with Miss Anthony's noble band of American women. The bell is ringing, be off. Allah Il Allah! Allah Belut!"

A grip of the hand, like that of a young bear, and we jumped into the steam-tug. The last we saw of George Francis Train was surrounded by a group of listeners on the deck of the Scotia. He is certainly no ordinary man, and of a spotless purity in his personal character, *sans peur et sans reproche*—rare indeed in this world.

S.

WOMAN THE TRUE REFORMER.

Mankind means also womankind. Bonaparte said the mothers of France make the men. Why should not the mothers, the wives, the daughters of America help make the statesmen? Virtues and vices are stereotyped during the tender days of youth. Place a straw across the rivulet, and how crooked becomes the river. Scar the sapling, and you gnarl the oak. When women vote their children will be taught patriotism and their country's laws. How often men take credit for that which belongs to women. Should not women, who manage their own households so well, assist in saving the nation?

Instinctively—intuitively—woman arrives at conclusions which man gains by reflection and reason. One of the absurdities of our political age is likening women to angels. A woman with wings, in a drawing room, would create a sensation! No woman is complimented by calling her a Venus. Venus was the Goddess of Love—not of Virtue.

Men need refining. Let woman fulfil her God-like mission. She is nobler, purer, better than man. Society is unjustly organized. Man escapes censure and punishment for acts that damn the woman. Is this right? Let her vote and the reformation begins. Women would purify the polls. They would vote down the houses of bad repute—would vote down faro banks, vote down groggeries, shut up the rum-shops, and close the gin-palaces. Some Fifth avenue lady may ask, "would you drag our fair women down to the Bowery to be polluted by coming in contact with the drunken orgies of a contested election?" Most certainly not. But the Bowery should throw away its pipe and whiskey bottle, and dress itself in its Sunday clothes, and vote in the lady's parlor. Often the uneducated is more gentlemanly in a lady's presence than the so-called gentleman. Men that become debased in the society of men, become elevated in the society of women. Give woman a vote to protect her property, and ambition is aroused, and she will take her place as The True Reformer. He who has the heart of a man, and knows that woman has not her place will work earnestly to give her that place. In all the opportunities of life, in wages, in whatever may stimulate energy or arouse to action, she has not fair play. Man has the "inside track." We are for giving woman those opportunities—this equality. A father with right instincts, a husband with true views, a brother with aught of generous feeling, can come to no other conclusion. And how is it that man can break all social laws and remain respected—while if woman commits the slightest fault she is damned, driven from town and ruined? Because man can vote and woman can't. Give her a vote and she will protect herself. We shall then have fewer divorces and better morals. One argument is that woman would get polluted in going to the polls. Nonsense! Why go to the polls? Let the ladies of each Ward in this city enclose their ballot in an envelope to lady tellers appointed by themselves. That could be easily arranged. All rush to hear Jenny Lind in the concert room, and Ristori on the stage; and Anna Dickinson always fills the house with men. Why not, then, make women citizens by giving them votes? Maria Theresa reared her large family of children, yet was Empress of Austria, managing her immense empire and the war against Frederick all herself. Look at Catherine of Russia, Louisa of Prussia, the French Medicis, or the Spanish Isabella, Queen Anne and Mary of England, or in our time Queen Victoria. Women rule these empires, yet are ignored in our republic. The Maid of Saragossa and the Maid of Orleans in this country would be set to rocking the cradle. So would all the queens, from the Queen of Sheba to Candace, Queen of the Ethiopians, and Emma of the Sandwich Islands. The two latter might have been slaves to Parson Brownlow or Andrew Johnson.

REVOLUTION IN ENGLAND.

In a recent number of the *Spirit of the Times* was an able prophetic article on the impending revolution in England. It was shown that though all the disorders and seditious preparations there are attributed to the Fenians, there are other elements mixed up in the sullen and threatening condition of affairs. Though Fenianism may have had a finger in the outrages upon Clerkenwell and Milbank prisons the bulk of the movement undoubtedly was English, and springs from the agrarian combinations which prevail throughout all England and Wales. The *Times* declares th , it is to English associations that the arms really belong which are constantly being discovered by the police, and reported as being Fenian arms. The Government knows that they are not Fenian arms; but it dares not stir the English mind by recognizing by name a formidable English organization against aristocratic rule and home oppression. By charging these arms to Fenian account, moreover, they hope, in addition to concealing the true state of the case, to enlist a natural English indignation against the whole Fenian cause.

Looking at the matter in this light, the *Times* adds, we are enabled to understand the singularly wide organization of the insurrectionary movement throughout the large cities and laboring centers of England, and know it to be, not Fenianism at all, but the premonitory symptoms of agrarian upheaval, which has for its object the overthrow of the aristocracy, and which may, in its course, rival the horrors of the first French revolution.

Before any permanent reconstruction of our own nationality, there must be an entire Revolution in the ownership of the land of the late slaveholding States. In the last result, there will probably be no ownership of the soil, there nor anywhere. But while the right of property in land is recognized, the laws of equality should be respected in a pre-eminent degree. But in our late slave States and in Great Britain the most fearful and threatening aspects for insurrection and insubordination are presented by this fact that the lands are the possession and power of a very few. England and Wales to-day are owned by thirty thousand aristocrats between whom and their millions of tenantry and laborers there is no common bond of sympathy or even of interest whatever, not even so much as formerly existed between our former planters and their slaves. The genius of universal emancipation has pronounced the doom of slavery, and American freedmen and English peasantry now stand nearly on a common level.

The next demand is for the means of preserving life and enjoying liberty. Possession and use of the soil in parcels to meet the new order of things, will alone satisfy in this country. And as the wants of humanity are the same everywhere, there will be no great advance made here that will not draw along with it the same results in Great Britain, if indeed in that Empire the consummation is not nearer at hand than here. The evil is surely more severely felt there than here, and has long been rusting into the very bones and marrow of the laboring classes. "Once a peasant in England, always a peasant," has been the order of the day for ages. The laborer has no longer any connection with the land he cultivates; he has no stake in the country; nothing to lose; nothing to hope. The small farmers and yeomanry, are utterly extinct, and the demoralized day-laborer, with starvation staring him in the face, has taken their place. The thirty thousand monopolists who own everything stand on one side, and the seventeen millions who own nothing are arrayed on the other, and the workhouse, which is the only boon of the master class, stands as the hard compromise between. In 1848 there were nearly two million persons relieved by charity in England and Wales alone; showing one out of every eight in the whole vast population to be public paupers!

And this, late in the afternoon of the nineteenth century. Our Revolution of 1776 led the way to that of France in 1793. Ours of 1860 will doubtless see a fearful counterpart in Great Britain in far less than half the time that elapsed between those two mighty phenomena. Indeed events show daily that it has already begun. The earthquake at St. Thomas may be but a type of the fearful convulsions that shall shake that proud empire to her foundations. Already accounts like these come over or under the seas:

> The country is in a fever of nervous excitement; the government does not know what to do. Speaking according to the standard by which John Bull has always judged the affairs of other nations, England must now be pronounced in a state of revolution. We have the regular police force everywhere increased; the soldiers constantly under arms: over one hundred thousand special constables sworn in. Is this peace or civil war? The police are armed with cutlasses and walk their beats in pairs, afraid to go alone. No Englishman feels safe in his person or property; the Queen at her country house is guarded by spies; nobody knows where or when the next blow is to fall. This is a reign of terror.

Nobody in England believes the Fenians alone are responsible for all this. Vesuvius is boiling like a cauldron, but more terrible subterranean fires are raging in the deep heart of humanity, now roused to new consciousness of the wrongs and outrages it has so long endured.

Days of Revolution and of judgment are come. Let old tyrannies tremble and abide their doom.

Judge Howe, of the First District Court of Louisiana, has made a practical commentary upon Gen. Hancock's jury order which is sharp enough to be an intentional satire. The *Tribune* says, Judge Howe and District Attorney Lynch complained that the business of the Court was obstructed by "ignorant" jurymen, whereupon Hancock issued an order excluding from the panels—whom think you? ignorant men? No, but *black* men. Well, Judge Howe gets a spick and span white jury, and they bring him in a verdict so outrageously contrary both to law and evidence that he has to turn them out of Court, with the remark that "they *do not possess the requisite intelligence* for the proper discharge of their duties. Thus the wisdom of our Washington the Second has reduced the state of things in New Orleans to this: "Black men *must not* serve on juries on account of their color, and white men *cannot* serve on account of their ignorance.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN IN THE JAWS OF THE BRITISH LION.

The telegraph wires announced on Saturday night, that our fellow-citizen, George Francis Train, was arrested on board the Scotia just landing at Queenstown, as a leader of Fenianism in this country! The position of England towards the Irish, is precisely what that of America has been towards the African; and it is as great an outrage for England to arrest American Fenians to-day, as it would have been for us to have arrested English abolitionists thirty years ago.

Suppose Mr. Train, instead of going abroad on business of his own, had gone expressly to preach Irish emancipation, why arrest him? Has not an American citizen the same right to free speech in England, that foreigners have here? When George Thompson, the English abolitionist, came to this country to preach negro emancipation, stirring up mobs in all our towns and cities, joining hands with the abolitionists; in the same position then of the Fenians to-day; our government did not arrest him, though we knew the discussion of that question would end in civil war, just as certainly as Fenianism is destined to upheave the foundations of the British government.

During all those years of the anti-slavery agitation, the English government did not rebuke its citizens for interfering by word of mouth with our national crime; on the contrary, every Englishman that visited this country was severely criticised on his return, if he had not while here borne his testimony against slavery; and yet our reformers are not only silent at home, but abroad, on the horrible oppression of the Irish race.

Had William Lloyd Garrison in his late visit to England, true to his antecedents, bravely demanded Irish freedom, he, too, instead of being feasted and feted, would have received the cold welcome of an English jail.

While so many noble men in this country have given their lives to the liberation of the African race from Southern slavery, shall we not say, equal honor to this brave man, who, both at home and abroad for the last twenty years, has given himself to the emancipation of Ireland from the galling yoke of British tyranny?

Should George Francis Train suffer the penalty of his devotion to Irish liberty at England's hand, as did John Brown for the black man's on a Virginia gallows, his name will be enrolled with the martyrs of freedom of the nineteenth century.

Verily it is time for all true men to rebuke tyranny wherever they find it, remembering that "OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD AND ALL MANKIND OUR COUNTRYMEN." E. C. S.

WOMAN DISCOVERED.—Woman is at last discovered; the other hemisphere of humanity, completing the sphere. Thanks to the Columbus-like explorers and navigators of the nineteenth century. Her existence is not yet recognized by all, not indeed by very many in some places. Many still doubt. They see women *as trees walking*. To such, women are only shadows. Men are solid substances. Women, married or otherwise, have no existence.

But now THE REVOLUTION has come and revelations are rapidly succeeding. Light is flashing down into dens and caverns of oppression and injustice hitherto unexplored and unknown. Woman has already taken the first steps towards full enfranchisement. The rest must soon follow, and that will be Revolution unparalleled in all the ages.

"THE PHILOSOPHER" ON THE STOOL OF REPENTANCE

In the last *Independent*, Mr. Greeley writes a long article, to show that of all men in the nation, Salmon P. Chase is the one for the next President. He presses his claims on the ground that he has held office all his life; and unless he disgraces the ermine, as he did the Ohio governorship in case of Margaret Garner, he will remain in office until the end of his days.

"To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not, shall be taken even that he hath," is Mr. Greeley's philosophy.

Now, if Mr. Chase is the ablest man in the nation, to a woman's vision it seems best that he should be kept in the most responsible position—that of Chief-Justice. Here he can serve us through all his valuable life, while four short years in the White House would be to him but a tale that is told, and we should be left desolate indeed. For the transient pleasure of writing vetoes would he exchange his present power to decide all questions of constitutional law; the executive and legislative functions of the government; all ultimate appeals on the vital issues of national life? Is it not as important for the best interests of the people that Mr. Chase be kept in his present position as that "Gen. Grant be placed in command over the five military departments?"

After disposing of Mr. Chase, Mr. Greeley makes a frank confession of his apostacy from "manliness, logic, and justice," and promises to begin the New Year with a new life. He says:

"Our sorrow, hitherto, has been that we have seemed afraid to be manly, logical, and just; whilst false sentinels on our watch-towers have been exciting prejudice against Impartial Suffrage by calling hard names. Let us, for once, "hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may."

If thy repentence be sincere, oh! most grave and reverend senior, go thou to the Constitutional Convention; "and if thou rememberest that thy *sister* hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift upon the altar and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy *sister*," and then come and make public confession (in that religious journal of quack advertisements) of thy newborn faith in "impartial suffrage."

Until that is done, the word "impartial" on your lips is a solemn mockery. "Hew to the line," Mr. Greeley, if you would save this nation and be yourself "manly, logical, and just." Throw your President-making to the winds, and give your earnest thought and the wide influence of your journal to a sound policy of government. Teach the American people their individual responsibilities in moulding the institutions of this continent, in harmony with our own divine declarations. Instead of making party capital of the sacred right of suffrage, let the young men and women of this nation learn at your feet, that the most sacred act of their lives is at the ballot-box; that the mightiest sceptre yet placed in the hand of any citizen for his political, religious and social freedom, is the right to the ballot.

Our danger to-day lies not in Andrew Johnson, in the one man power, in centralization, but in the corruption of the press and the people. It matters little what man sits in the White House, or what party is in power, so long as expediency is the nation's law.

It is humiliating to every true American, saddening to every patriot, to witness, day by day, in our public life, the shallow measures proposed for times like these; the selfishness and hypocrisy of those who have a nation's interests in their care and keeping. While in one-half our country, made desolate by war, the people are suffering for the necessaries of life and wise legislation, and the other half are mad with the lust of power and speculation, "false sentinels on our watch towers" talking only of the relative claims of Chase and Grant for the Presidency, turn the people's thought from the vital issues of the hour; from the true basis of a safe and lasting reconstruction.

E. C. S.

LYNCH LAW IN TEXAS.

THE Houston (Texas) *Telegraph* says:

"We have good reasons to believe that thieving and thief-killing are going on in Texas at a rate not appreciated by the public. These things rarely reach the ears of the authorities or the columns of the newspapers in any tangible shape. From several intimations we have received lately, we are led to believe that this dreadful work is going on to a shocking extent. It is well-known that the state has many thieves, and that thieving is rapidly on the increase. Horses, cattle, hogs, sheep, poultry, provisions, goods, and often money, are sto en continually. Not a tithe of these nefarious transactions is ever known to the conductors of the public journals. But while the details of this sort of rascality are not adequately appreciated, the extent to which fearful retribution is meted out to the class of offenders above named, is not even imagined.

"The truth is, the old days of lynch law are rapidly returning in this State. The surface of society does not show it, but it is so. Indeed the general population of Texas was never more quiet and peaceful than now. But under all this appearence of healthful tranquility, these dreadful facts are continually transpiring, here and there, in all parts of the State.

"No noise is made about these things. They occur under the very noses of good citizens, who know nothing of what is going on. Never was lynch law executed with such secresy as now in Texas.

"Even the great mass of thieves themselves have no conception of the certainty and rapidity with which retribution is being visited upon men of their class. Thieves are dispatched whom they do not know, or thieves whom they do know disappear, and the rest do not know what has become of them. And every thief is spotted and watched. No thief can ply his profession long in Texas, as things now stand, without losing his life, either by rope or bullet. Texas is rapidly becoming a very unhealthy country for the light-fingered gentry."

There is but too much reason to dread a similar state of things all over the country, should public plunderers come to be recognized as are the lesser felons who rob stables and henroosts.

THEODORE TILTON, lately in Washington, in conversation on the floor of the House, with rather a dull conservative member, the Hon. raising his eye glass, and intently peering into the gallery, with evident dissatisfaction, remarked, What would you do, Mr. Tilton, if you could not distinguish your friends in the gallery? Why, sir, replied our brilliant editor, I would try to distinguish myself on the floor!

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—The South Carolina Reconstruction Convention elected a sergeant-at-arms who was found incompetent, and the papers say "he was induced to resign." What a stampede out of Washington there would be, were all the incompetents there, from Andrew Johnson and Secretary Seward upward, equally magnanimous!

THE REVOLUTION.—When an Empire claiming to be ten thousand years old sends an ambassador to nations five thousand years old, and selects for that ambassador the plenipotentiary of a nation not a hundred years old, it is indeed Revolution! Q. E. D.

THE Boston *Commonwealth* says, "George Francis Train is a first-class mountebank." But he is surely doing more to promote the cause of woman's suffrage and impartial liberty, than all the *mountebankers* in Boston and vicinity.

We print, this week, 10,000 copies of THE REVOLUTION, and shall then stereotype.

Financial Department.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.—*America versus Europe—Gold, like our Cotton, FOR SALE. Greenbacks for Money. An American System of Finance. American Products and Labor Free. Foreign Manufactures Prohibited. Open doors to Artisans and Immigrants. Atlantic and Pacific Oceans for AMERICAN Steamships and Shipping. New York the Financial Centre of the World. Wall Street emancipated from Bank of England, or American Cash for American Bills. The Credit Foncier and Credit Mobilier System, or Capital Mobilized to Resuscitate the South and our Mining Interests, and to People the Country from Ocean to Ocean, from Omaha to San Francisco. More organized Labor, more Cotton, more Gold and Silver Bullion to sell foreigners at the highest prices. Ten millions of Naturalized Citizens DEMAND A PENNY OCEAN POSTAGE, to Strengthen the Brotherhood of Labor. If Congress Vote One Hundred and Twenty-five Millions for a Standing Army and Freedman's Bureau for the Blacks, Cannot they spare One Million for the Whites?*

THE REVOLUTION.

NO. III.

To our Servants at Washington—From the People at Home.

CONGRESS SQUABBLING—THE PEOPLE STARVING! IS IT NOT "INFAMOUS?"

THE people ask for bread and Congress gives them a stone. Squabbling instead of legislation. "Infamous" is unparlimentary, but is it not true? With the people ground down to poverty by oppressive taxation, with the enterprise and capital of the nation stagnant for want of a financial policy, with the Southern states a very hell of poverty, and misery, and disorganized society, with our cotton fields blasted by the cotton tax, with our manufacturers half employed, with two hundred thousand mechanics and workmen idle, with our trade and shipping stagnant, with our capital and business talent driven into the arena of Wall street speculation and gambling as the only safe or profitable employment, is it not "infamous" in Congress to do nothing? Is it not "infamous" in the face of all this, a nation's misery, for Congress to spend the people's time in petty squabbling? Is Stanton instead of Grant as Secretary of War a question of such vital importance as to rouse into action every congressman and senator, and yet the people's wants are passed by with shameless neglect? Is not this "infamous?" Stanton in his reckless extravagance in the War Department in the use of the people's horses and other public property for the personal ends of himself and officials, was the very type of the horse-leech sucking the life blood of the nation, and does Congress mean by restoring him to office to endorse this type of extravagance and corruption? Did not Grant cut down the War Department expenses $20,000,000? Is it not "infamous" in the face of this fact to put back Stanton? Is not economy a virtue the people have a right to demand, and is it not "infamous" for Congress thus to squander the people's money? With the American people writhing for the first time in the iron grip of want from the curse of misgovernment—a government of claim agents—is it not "infamous" in Congress to have done nothing for the last three years to relieve them? With the privileged classes—office holders, whiskey and other rings of swindlers, bond holders and national bank men—rioting in the shameless licentiousness of ill-gotten wealth wrung from the people's hard toil by unjust laws, is it not "infamous" for Congress to do nothing?

WHAT THE PEOPLE WANT.

The people want the annual expenses of the government reduced from $600,000,000 to at least one-third of that sum; and they want this done at once. The people want an intelligent revenue system, which shall tax directly property and luxuries, and which shall not tax the labor, or manufacturing, or cotton, or producing interests of the country—which shall tax property realized and existing capital, but which shall not tax the money making machines nor consumed capital. *The people want not only a stop put to greenback contraction, but they want more greenbacks.* They want a system which shall make the government bonded debt convertible at the pleasure of the holder on demand into greenbacks at par, and again reconvertible into bonds when wanted. The people want "money democratized," or made plenty at the will of the people and not at the will of bank parlors, national bank men, or one of themselves called a Secretary of the Treasury. If government were to print $100,000,000 in greenbacks, and lend them to citizens in the Southern states to raise cotton, tobacco and sugar, or to Colorado, Nevada, Idaho and Montana, to produce gold and silver, would not the nation gain more than $100,000,000 in gold within the first two years? Can the people make this gain of $100,000,000 in gold for $100,000,000 in greenbacks *without the greenbacks?* When would the Pacific Railroad been built without bonds or greenbacks from government? Greenbacks do the same work that the gold dollar used to do before the rebellion; then why not manufacture them to produce more wealth for the nation? If government has created a debt of twenty-five hundred millions to kill and disable one million of able-bodied men, and to destroy five thousand millions of capital, is it unreasonable to ask Congress to print $100,000,000 more of greenback debt to be used in creating new wealth to the extent of at least $50,000,000 per annum or new capital worth $500,000,000 in the cotton and mining regions? With the power to do this good for the people, is it not "infamous" in Congress not to do it?

A GOVERNMENT OF CLAIM AGENTS.

What has Congress done for the last three years but legislate for claim agents? What have honorable representatives and reverend senators done to cut down expenses, to reduce taxation, to set business men free from the blackmailing and swindling of custom house and revenue officials? What has Congress done to settle a financial policy, to stop McCulloch's movements to make rich his gold gambling and stock-jobbing friends and foreign bond holders? Who owns McCulloch? Jay Cooke. Who owns Seward and Stanton? Thurlow Weed. Why does Stanton hang on to the War Department, dead to that self-respect which keeps every man with the feelings of a man from thrusting his company on those who do not want it? Is Stanton afraid of some new *honest* Secretary of War raking up the swindling contract jobbery with Thurlow Weed and others? Does Salmon P. Chase back up McCulloch as Secretary of the Treasury because he fears some new *honest* Secretary may rake up the over issues and corruption of the printing bureau? Why did McCulloch suppress Judge Busteed's evidence about Chandler and the cotton thieves?

Talk among the Brokers in Wall Street.

THE talk in Wall street is THE REVOLUTION. What does it mean? That everybody in Wall street sends their story and THE REVOLUTION sticks it in; that the cliques don't like it, and that John Leighton, Tracy Arnold, De Comeau and the Rock Island party meditate SUICIDE OR MURDER if THE REVOLUTION goes on; that THE REVOLUTION is "a mouthful of moonshine, and that it had better mind its own business and let Wall street alone; that the *Times* is quite right, that Wall street don't want *a Revolution* that advocates "principle not policy," any more than Raymond of the *Times*, and that the *Independent* don't like it either, although it does advocate woman's rights. Some say that Theodore Tilton is their warm friend, others that he is all a sham and don't mean a word of it, else why did he call them, in the *Independent*, "GAY GREEKS come forth from Athens, sombre Hebrews bound back to Jerusalem, knife blades reverberating sanguinary damnation," (in a Pickwickian and not scriptural sense we hope), and other naughty names that THE REVOLUTION can't copy. The talk was that Theodore didn't mean any thing ill-natured, that he never has much "INK IN HIS PEN" any how; that when he does kick his friends it is like Stiggins's horse, because "he vos such a playful beggar," and always "hopes it don't hurt." That TILTON IS A GOOD FELLOW, that he knows "the price of liberty is eternal vigilance" and quite likely the price of Cumberland coal, too, that if he don't the senior of the *Independent* can post him up. The talk is that Lockwood & Co.'s is the real woman's rights office, that J. P. ROBINSON always makes money there, that she made $12,000 in Cleveland and Toledo from January to June, 1864, and that Benedict does the business. The talk is that Hobart says he lost $12,900 in Cleveland and Toledo from January to June, 1864; and that women's rights offices are not the spot to make money. The old board says that Lockwood & Co. did not behave handsomely in breaking rule 65, that they made their fortune there, that their conduct has stirred up the old sores about Michigan Southern and Cleveland and Toledo sharp practice in 1864, and it all simmers down to this:

"The man that's fond of *stirring must be a spoon.*"

Is it true that the courts will ventilate LOCKWOOD & Co. AND HOBART'S Cleveland and Teledo affair? Is it true that Benedict and Legrand Lockwood are going to Europe to get out of the way? Is it true that Benedict composed the following adieu to Hobart, to be delivered on board the Persia when out at sea?

"He thought as he hollowed his narrow bed,
And punched up his meagre pillow,
How Toledo and Hobart might have trod o'er his head,
As he sped on his way o'er the billow."

The talk is that the Leverich City Bank defalcation is nearly $500,000; that it has stirred up all the banks; that big holes have been found in the cash assets of some big banks; that instead of cash they hold stock collaterals; that GEN. LOGAN'S RESOLUTION in the House on Monday to inquire into the "violation of section 29 of the National Currency Act by National Banks in the City of New York" means mischief to some railroad and mining stock speculators. Who are they? Are Consolidated Gregory, Corycon, Quartz Hill, Cumberland coal, Mariposa and Quicksilver among these bank collaterals in place of bank cash? The talk is that the bears have got a big card to play in this resolution of Gen. Logan, and that McCulloch will back them up with a TREASURY DEPARTMENT TWIST. That Lockwoods, Jay Cooke, and Clarke Dodge say that prices are too high, that the "Treasury Department ring" can't make money if Congress stops contraction; that McCulloch must pile up money in the Sub-Treasury, that then a LOCK UP OF GREENBACKS will pinch the money market, and the talk of huge bank frauds will frighten weak holders and prices will tumble. The talk is that the bulls are too strong for the bears, that Vanderbilt and Schell always carry their point; that they never want for money, and the public have confidence in them;

that the railroad earnings are increasing, and that all the railroad stocks are worth more money than they are selling for; that the trunk lines are the best permanent investments in the country; that the spring business will be the safest and most profitable since 1865, and that emigration, the Pacific Railroad, gold and silver mining, and the Great West are going ahead any how, and that the year 1868 will see high times in Wall street, like the years 1863 and 1864. The talk is that Wall street wants a leader to follow, as in 1863 and in 1864; that if the British government don't HANG GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN he will make the Credit Mobilier and the Credit Foncier the leaders of Wall street speculations when he comes back; that he will make arrangements with European capitalists to do this; that his Gold-room speech in the spring, when he predicted a decline in stocks and they fell, and his last Open board speech, when he predicted higher prices and they rose, were bear and bull stock-jobbing experiments for capitalists; that George Francis Train likes to speculate with other people's money and not his own; that he says "his judgment is so much clearer when his own money is not at risk;" that "when his own money is at risk, G. F. T.'s opinion on gold and stocks is only worth as much 'as Jerome's in Pacific Mail.'" Is the *Times* puffing Tennessee State sixes furiously because Raymond and Jerome are in them? Has Pacific Mail tumbled to 106 because the

JEROME PARK DONKEYS

"have been too happy and dancing on the ice?" Will Pacific Mail be a big thing when the President McLane comes from China? Are the stock-jobbing directors long in it? Why did the new stock firm buy Ohio and Mississippis at 30¼ to 30¾ and sell them at 28¾ to 29 for their customers? Why do they want to buy them now at 31? The talk is that a few more Ohio and Mississippi turns, buying high and selling low, will make make their customers look

"Darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,"

like the lenders on Cumberland coal last fall, or Pacific Mail in Jerome Park. The talk is that Fisk & Belden and Rufus Hatch don't make much headway against Tracy in Rock Island; that the real interest of the Rock Island road is to build through its lands and connect with the Pacific Railroad at Omaha; that the advance in the price of their lands would pay a dividend of 50 per cent.; that David Crawford wants to stop the line at Des Moines because he and his brother own a large quantity of land there; that Keep wants to absorb Rock Island into Chicago and North Western; that Tracy and the Pacific Railroad directors have blocked Crawford and Keep, and want an independent line to Omaha to have the whip-hand of Chicago and North Western; that Rock Island would earn 25 per cent. per annum, with a through line to Omaha; that lands on the route offering now at $2 per acre and no market, would be in demand at $20. The talk is that Tracy and Dows know what they are about, and are acting under the advice of first-class counsel; that they have the law and independent stockholders on their side. The talk is that

KEEP HAS SOLD "PUTS"

on North West Common for more than the whole capital stock; that everybody is buying against them; that this system of puts enables a man with $30,000 to buy 30,000 shares. The talk is that the bears know of some weak spots in the handling of these "puts," that they will explode them at the proper time. The talk is that the Vanderbilt stocks are going to be moved up a peg higher and kept there; that Erie, New York Central, Rock Island, Pittsburg, North West common and preferred, and Milwaukee and St. Paul preferred will be higher this spring; that Baltimore is buying Canton, and it is sure to go to 80 before summer; that Clarke Dodge & Co. have quicksilver in their office; that it will run to 50 and pay a dividend next year. The talk is that

JOHN MORRISSEY

and others are heavy in Western Union; that they have got Dr. Shelton and others short 40,000 shares, and that they can twist them whenever they like. The talk is that Bookstayer Thayer, and Puleston, and Raymond are loaded down with

EXPRESS STOCKS

and, the public won't deal in them; that the "washing" done in Express stocks is the standing joke in the open board. The talk is that Mariposa is a "trump card," that the gold quartz is paying and that Brummagin knows what he is about. The talk is that Fisk & Hatch are going ahead in the

GOVERNMENT BOND

business with domestic investors and control the bond market; that they sell the Central Pacific railroad bonds all over the country and to Europe for investment, as people say, California will always pay gold if the Federal government does not. The talk is, why are Fisk & Hatch always bulls and Jay Cooke & Co. always bears in government bonds? Why has Jay Cooke never come out publicly in favor of paying the 5-20 bonds in gold? Is

JAY COOKE FOR GREENBACKS,

and has he made a compact that he will use his influence to have the bonds paid in greenbacks if certain parties will vote for his foreign loan bill? The talk is that Jay Cooke is too much of a patriot and honorable banker to do these things, that he promised the people the bonds were payable in gold when he sold them, and that he means to take strong ground publicly against Butler and Pendleton. The question is, will Jay Cooke run his machine with foreign bondholders for gold, or with the people and George Francis Train for greenbacks? The talk is that there are scarcely enough 5-20 bonds of 1862 here to make deliveries, and it will not be long before they are twisted up to 115 from the natural demand. The talk is that De Comeau is too much for

TRACY ARNOLD IN MINING STOCKS.

That De Comeau has pluck enough to fight all the bulls in that board; that he is the only real buyer of mining stocks; that he never buys before he sells; that Combination Silver owes him some money and he means to have it; that instead of Tracy Arnold taking his money he will take Tracy Arnold's. The talk is that De Comeau keeps separate accounts for the bulls; that he labels with their name the property he buys with their money; that he holds in this way Tracy Arnold out of Walkill and Rocky Mountain, George B. Sargent out of La Crosse and Edgehill, John Leighton out of Quartz Hill and Corydon, Wheelright out of Alumeda Silver, Hard out of Consolidated Gregory and Pah-ra-na-gat, Phil Bruns out of Sensenderfer, and

HENRY CLEWS OUT OF BATES AND BAXTER

and Atlantic and Pacific. De Comeau says he likes all these fellows first-rate so long as their cash lasts and they bull mining stocks. The talk is that the two "Ojibbeway Chiefs," "Boston" John and "Philadelphia" John have "smoked the pipe of peace," and that they will scalp De Comeau; that John Pondir told John Leighton that he was a first-rate fellow; that he had always been his friend; that if "Boston" John would go into Quartz Hill and New York and Eldorado, that he, "Philadelphia" John, would carry them for him, and make a good thing of it; that he would put him into a good thing in a "salt mine," not up "Salt River." "Boston" John said he would think of Quartz Hill and New York and Eldorado, but the "salt mine" looked like "Boston attachments" and "going up a tree;" that the "attachments" of his Boston friends had rather weakened his nerves, and that he could not stand pickling in salt till later in the season. John Pondir said, "all right my dear fellow, I tell you there's nothing like salt. You will see, as my friend Chouteau says, the rich capitalist, you know, worth millions in St. Louis, you know." The talk is that the

GOLD ROOM

is getting ready for another jamboree, that Congress is going to smash the President or the President Congress, it does not matter much which to the gold room, and that gold will be run up to 143; that Clews and other bulls are loading up now that the Union is safe and no telegrams from Washington. The talk is that

SMYTHE, COLLECTOR

of the port, did a smart thing when he turned out Adams, the notary public of the Central Bank, and put Senator Doolittle's son in his place, that young Doolittle is making $10,000 a year out of it, and the question is what does Smythe get? Why did Smythe turn out Adams?

THE MONEY MARKET

is easy at 5 to 6 per cent. for call loans and 7 to 7½ per cent. for first class business notes. The weekly bank statement shows the large increase of $11,032,618 in deposits and $2,402,125 in legal tenders, owing to the influx of funds from the West. The banks are receiving National bank notes in excess of their capacity to use them. The following is the statement of the New York city banks compared with the preceding week:

	Jan. 11.	Jan. 11.		
Loans,	$253,170,723.	$256,033,923.	Inc.	$2,863,205
Specie,	19,222,856.	23,191,867.	Inc.	3,969,011
Circulation,	34,094,137.	34,071,066.	Dec.	23,131
Deposits,	194,835,526.	205,888,143.	Inc.	11,052,618
Legal tenders,	62,785,116.	66,155,241.	Inc.	2,402,125

THE GOLD MARKET

has been quiet for some days, the excitement in regard to Washington affairs having passed away. The large amount of gold in the banks $23,191,867, and the decline in the rates of exchange below the specie shipping point, with the stoppage of specie shipments to Europe, have tended to depress the price of gold and check the operations of bull speculators. The banks now hold the largest amount of specie since 1862. The advance in the price of gold to 142 caused an increase of produce exports and shipments of our bonds to Europe. The following is a table of the weekly fluctuations:

	Opening.	Highest.	Lowest.	Closing.
Saturday, 11,	138	138½	137⅝	137⅞
Monday, 13,	138⅞	140¼	138½	140
Tuesday, 14,	142	142¼	140⅞	141⅜
Wednesday, 15,	140⅜	140⅜	138½	138⅝
Thursday, 16,	139⅜	140½	139⅜	139⅜
Friday, 17,	138½	139⅛	138⅛	138⅜
Saturday, 18,	138¼	138¾	138⅛	138½

THE FOREIGN EXCHANGE MARKET

is dull and heavy, owing to the light demand from importers and others, and a considerable increase of bills offering from shipments of bonds and produce to Europe. Prime bankers 60 days sterling bills, are offered at 109½ to 109⅝, and sight bills against bonds at 109¾; banker's francs on Paris long are quoted 5-16¼ to 5-15.

THE RAILWAY SHARE MARKET

is strong and hardening for another advance. The most active stocks are Erie, New York Central, Rock Island, Pittsburg, Northwest Common and preferred, Milwaukee and St. Paul preferred, and Ohio and Mississippi. Pacific Mail broke down to 106, and Atlantic Mail to 97, but recovered and were firm at the close. In the miscellaneous shares Canton is active and strong, and very high figures are predicted for it this Spring, owing to important improvements which will greatly increase the value of the land owned by the company. Western Union is largely oversold and is likely to move upwards. Quicksilver is in the hands of a strong clique and also Mariposa; both stocks are likely to be moved upwards. The market closes strong.

Musgrave & Co., 19 Broad street, report the following quotations:

Canton, 57 to 57½; Boston W. P., 14¼ to 14⅞; Cumberland, 33 to 35; Quicksilver, 25⅛ to 25¾; Mariposa, 8 to 9, preferred, 14 to 14¼; Pacific Mail, 108½ to 109; Atlantic Mail, to 98½; W. U. Tel., —— New York Central, 125⅞ to 126; Erie, 75⅜ to 75¾, preferred, —— Hudson River, 140 to 141; Reading, 93⅜ to 93½; Wabash, 45 to 45½; Mil. & St. Paul, 51 to 5¼, preferred, 65⅛ to 65⅞; Ohio, 31¾ to 32: Mich. Central, 110¼ to —— Mich. Southern, 87½ to 87¾; Ill. Central, 131 to 132; Pittsburg, 95 to 95½; Toledo, 103⅜ to 103¾; Rock Island, 97 to 97⅛; North West, 61⅛ to 61⅜, preferred, 73 to 73¼; Fort Wayne, 101⅛ to 101¼.

UNITED STATES SECURITIES

are strong and tending upwards. There is a steady demand for investment. The shipments abroad are not so heavy since the decline in gold, but the 5-20 bonds of 1862 are in short supply. The demand for the Central Pacific Railroad bonds is increasing and many parties since Gen. Butler's motion in Congress to pay the 5-20 bonds in greenbacks have sold their Governments, and invested the proceeds in Central Pacific Railroad bonds. The price is 95 in currency and the principal and interest 6 per cent. per annum are both payable in gold and being California Securities, where gold is the only standard for money contracts, there is no possibility of payment in greenbacks. Messrs Fisk & Hatch are agents for the sale of these bonds.

Messrs. Fisk & Hatch, 5 Nassau street, report the following quotations:

United States 6's, 1881 Reg'd, 110 to 110¼; U. S. Coupon, 110 to 110¼; U. S. 5-20 Registered, 106⅛ to 106⅛; U. S. Coupon, 1862, 110⅛ to 110¼; U. S. Coupon, 1864, 107⅜ to 107½; U. S. Coupon, 1865, 1 8¼ to 108¾; U. S. Coupon, new, 1865, 105⅞ to 106; U. S. Coupon, 1867, 106 to 106⅛; U. S. 10-40 Registered, 102¾; U. S. 10-40 Coupon, 102⅞ to 103; U. S. 7-30 2d Coupon, 106⅞ to 106¾; U. S. 7-30 3d Coupon, 105⅞ to 106⅛.

THE CUSTOMS DUTIES

for the week were $1,541,912 against $1,636,539 $1,158,836, $1,056,197 and $1,197,424 for the preceding weeks. The imports of merchandise for the week are $3,586,491 against $3,456,063, $3,095,615, $2,458,493 and $2,117,075 for the preceding weeks. The exports exclusive of specie are $3,912,546 against $2,500,234, $2,514,442 $2,607,233 and $3,249,109 for the preceding weeks. The exports of specie are only $373,531 against $2,940,751 $2,788,143, $3,226,677 and $1,548,206 for the preceding weeks.

HOLIDAY GOODS,

AT

POPULAR PRICES,

—

FOR LADIES:

BREAKFAST SHAWLS, SONTAGS,
COMFORTERS, SCARFS, HOODS,
CAPES, SACQUES, GARIBALDIS,
SILK UNDERVESTS AND DRAWERS,
MERINO, COTTON, AND WOOL HOSIERY,
KID, CLOTH, AND CASTOR GLOVES.

—

FOR GENTLEMEN:

DRESS SHIRTS AND COLLARS,
UNDERSHIRTS AND DRAWERS,
SCARFS, TIES, SUSPENDERS,
KID, CLOTH. CASTOR, AND BUCK GLOVES,
ENGLISH AND FRENCH HOSIERY,
CARRIAGE ROBES, CHEST PROTECTORS,
SCARF RINGS, SLEEVE BUTTONS,
ROBES DE CHAMBRE,
MACKINTOSH COATS.

—

FOR BOYS AND MISSES:

BALMORAL AND ROB ROY STOCKINGS,
CLOTH AND FANCY KNIT GAITERS,
MERINO UNDERSHIRTS AND DRAWERS,
CLOTH, KID, AND BEAVER GLOVES,
FANCY MITTENS AND INFANTEES,
COMFORTERS, SCARFS, HOODS,
GARIBALDI AND CARDIGAN JACKETS.

AN IMMENSE VARIETY OF BEAUTIFUL GOODS,

AT EXTREMELY LOW PRICES.

UNION ADAMS,
NO. 637 BROADWAY.

OROIDE WATCHES.—Good time-keepers, $15; exact imitations of gold and not plated. Also chains of "Oroide." Ladies and gents $2 to $6. Patent Levers, engine turned cases, $15; Enamelled, $18, Ladies and Gents sizes. Guaranteed by special certificate, and sent by express, to be paid for on delivery to the purchaser.

The discovery of this metal is our own, and the works from our own factory.

C. E. COLLINS & CO.,
42 & 44 Nassau street, N. Y. (Up stairs.)

Gold and silver American and Swiss Watches.

Circulars sent giving full inforn ation.

THIRD THOUSAND JUST PUBLISHED.

AN IMPORTANT NEW WORK

By Andrew Jackson Davis,

ENTITLED

A STELLAR KEY

TO

THE SUMMER-LAND.

(Part I.)

ILLUSTRATED WITH DIAGRAMS AND ENGRAVINGS OF CELESTIAL SCENERY.

This volume contains Scientific and Philosophical evidences of the existence of an inhabitable Sphere or Zone among the Suns and Planetes of Space. It is a very important work for all who wish a solid, rational, philosophical foundation on which to rest their religion and hope of a substantial existence after death.

Published by

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
158 Washington Street, Boston.

Also for sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BRANCH OFFICE, 544 Broadway, New York. Address Warren Chase.

Price $1; postage 16 cents.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

D. APPLETON & COMPANY,
BOOKSELLERS, PUBLISHERS AND STATIONERS,
Nos. 443 and 445 Broadway, New York,
Have now a large and superior assortment of
FINE ILLUSTRATED WORKS,
SUPERB GIFT BOOKS,
Choice editions of the Poets,
and the
BEST STANDARD LITERATURE.
PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS, FOREIGN AND AMERICAN,
STEREOSCOPES AND STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS.
ALSO,
THE FINEST STATIONERY.
Selected from the London and Paris markets.

—

Among the prominent novelties are, a new illustrated edition.,

THE HOUSEHOLD BOOK OF POETRY, Collected and edited by CHARLES A. DANA. New edition, enlarged, with additions from recent authors. Illustrated with steel engravings by celebrated artisits. 1 vol. imp. 8vo. morocco extra or antique, $20.

WORDS OF HOPE AND COMFORT FOR THE SORROWFUL. 1 vol. 4to., illuminated borders around each page, with appropriate texts of Scripture both from Old and New Testaments. Price $40.

This elegant work is peculiarly fitting and appropriate for a present, and its chasteness of execution and well-conceived designs render it one of the most beautiful and ornate books of the season; the texts are well chosen, and we think will be found to prove a comfort and consolation to the afflicted and bereaved.

BUNYAN'S ALLEGORICAL WORKS; OR, THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS AND THE HOLY WAR. Together with "His Grace Abounding," "Divine Emblems," and other Poems. Edited with Notes, Original and Selected, and a "Life of John Bunyan," by Rev. CHARLES A. WRIGHT, M. A. With numerous beautiful colored illustrations by Castelli and Bartsch. One vol. 4to, half morocco, gilt edges, $20; morocco antique, gilt edges, $25.

(LES JARDINS.)

THE GARDENS OF THE WORLD; THEIR HISTORY AND DESCRIPTION. Illustrated with 240 Designs, engraved by the best Frenco artists, and printed by Mame & Cie, of Tours, France. 1 vol., folio, $60.

WAVERLEY NOVELS: By SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart. Beautifully Illustrated with 204 Engravings, many of them proofs, and numerous head and tail pieces. 24 vols., 8vo. handsomely printed in clear type on good paper, full calf, extra, $175; full levant morocco, gilt edges, $250.

A UNIVERSAL LIBRARY AND VALUABLE PRESENT,

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA: A popular Dictionary of Useful Knowledge. Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA, aided by a numerous select corps of writers in all branches of Science, Art and Literature. In sixteen large volumes, 8vo; 750 double-column pages in each volume.

Price and Style of Binding, per vol: Extra cloth, $5; library leather, $6; half turkey morocco, dark, $6 50; half turkey morocco, flexible, $7; half russia, extra gilt, $7 50; full morocco, antique, gilt edges, $9; full russia, $9.

A Complete Catalogue of
ATTRACTIVE BOOKS,
Embracing New Styles of Albums, Juvenile Books, and Stationery of every description.
To be had on application.

BALL, BLACK & CO.,

565 AND 567 BROADWAY,

Have just opened an invoice of fine

LEATHER AND GILT

FANCY ARTICLES.

From the most celebrated European manufactory, especially selected for

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

ALSO, A CHOICE SELECTION OF

ARTISTIC BRONZES

From the Paris Exposition

TEAS AND COFFEES.

ESTABLISHED 1861.

—

THE

GREAT AMERICAN

TEA

COMPANY

Are continually receiving direct from the Chinese and Japanese factors, fresh importations of the choicest flavored Teas. During the past few months th Company have received two entire cargoes, one of which was THE LARGEST CARGO EVER IMPORTED into this country, and of the finest quality.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom House stores to our warehouses.

The Company continues to sell at the following prices:
OOLONG (Black), 60, 70, 80, 90c., best $1 per lb.
MIXED (Green and Black,) 60, 70, 80, 90, best $1 per lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST, 60, 70, 80, 90, $1, $1 10, best $1 20 per lb.
IMHERIAL (Green), 60, 70, 80, 90, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 per lb.
YOUNG HYSON, (Green), 60, 70, 80, 90, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 per lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 per lb.
GUNPOWDER, $1 25, best $1 50 per lb.

—

COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per lb. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding House Keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economise in that article by using our FRENCH BREAKFAST and DINNER COFFEE, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per lb., and warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers save 5 to 8 profits of middle-men or about ONE DOLLAR per pound, by purchasing their Teas of the

GREAT AMERICAN
TEA COMPANY,

31 AND 33 VESEY STREET,
Corner Church Street;
540 BROADWAY,
Corner of Bleecker Street;
461 EIGHTH AVENUE,
N. corner 34th Street;
299 SPRING STREET,
Bet. Hudson and Greenwich Streets;
205 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN,
Corner Concord Street;
133 GRAND STREET,
WILLIAMSBURG

STARR & MARCUS,

22 JOHN STREET.

AN EXTENSIVE STOCK

of the celebrated

GORHAM PLATED WARE

AT RETAIL.

Warranted superior to the Finest Sheffield Plate.

540 MILES OF THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD,

RUNNING WEST FROM OMAHA ACROSS THE CONTINENT

ARE NOW COMPLETED.

THE TRACK BEING LAID AND TRAINS RUNNING WITHIN TEN MILES OF THE SUMMIT OF THE

ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

The remaining ten miles will be finished as soon as the weather permits the road-bed to be sufficiently packed to receive the rails. The work continues to be pushed forward in the rock cuttings on the western slope with unabated energy, and a much larger force will be employed during the current year than ever before. The prospect that the whole

GRAND LINE TO THE PACIFIC

WILL BE COMPLETED IN 1870.

The means provided for t construction of this Grea National Work are ample. The United States grants its Six Per Cent. Bonds at the rate of from $16,000 to $48,000 per mile, for which it takes a *second lien* as a security, and receives payment to a large if not to the full extent of its claim in services. These Bonds are issued as each twenty mile section is finished, and after it has been examined by United States Commissioners and pronounced to be in all respects a first-class road, thoroughly supplied with depots, repair-shops, stations, and all the necessary rolling stock and other equipments.

The United States also makes a donation of 12,800 acres of land to the mile, which will be a source of large revenue to the Company. Much of this land in the Platte Valley is among the most fertile in the world, and other large portions are covered with heavy pine forests and abound in coal of the best quality.

The Company is also authorized to issue its own First Mortgage Bonds to an amount equal to the issue of the Government and no more. Hon. E. D. Morgan and Hon. Oakes Ames are Trustees for the Bondholders, and deliver the Bonds to the Company only as the work progresses, so that they always represent an actual and productive value.

The authorized capital of the Company is $100,000,000, of which over $5,000,000 have been paid on the work already done.

EARNINGS OF THE COMPANY.

At present, the profits of the Company are derived only from its local traffic, but this is already much more than sufficient to pay the interest on all the Bonds the Company can issue, if not another mile were built. It is not doubted that when the road is completed the through traffic of the only line connecting the Atlantic and Pacific States will be large beyond precedent, and, as there will be no competition, it can always be done at profitable rates.

It will be noticed that the Union Pacific Railroad is, in fact, a *Government work*, built under the supervision of Government officers, and to a large extent with Government money, and that its bonds are issued under Government direction. It is believed that no similar security is so carefully guarded, and certainly no other is based upon a larger or more valuable property. As the Company's

FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

are offered for the present at 90 CENTS ON THE DOLLAR, they are the cheapest security in the market, being more than 15 per cent. lower than U. S. Stock. They pay

SIX PER CENT. IN GOLD,

or over NINE PER CENT. upon the investment, and have thirty years to run before maturity. Subscriptions will be received in New York at the Company's Office, No. 20 Nassau street, and by

CONTINENTAL NATIONAL BANK, No. 7 Nassau street,
CLARK, DODGE & Co, Bankers, 51 Wall street,
JOHN J. CISCO & SON, Bankers, No. 33 Wall street,

and by the Company's advertised Agents throughout the United States. Remittances should be made in drafts or other funds par in New York, and the bonds will be sent free of charge by return express. Parties subscribing through local agents will look to them for their safe delivery.

A NEW PAMPHLET AND MAP, showing the Progress of the Work, Resources for Construction, and value of Bonds, may be obtained at the Company's Office or of its advertised agents, or will be sent free on application.

JOHN J. CISCO, Treasurer,
New York.

November 23, 1867.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

AN ELEGANT STOCK OF

HOLIDAY BOOKS,

CAN BE FOUND AT

SHELDON & COMPANY'S,

NOS. 498 AND 500 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

EMBRACING ALL THE STANDARD BOOKS PUBLISHED IN THIS COUNTRY OR ENGLAND, IN THE RICHEST STYLE OF BINDING.

POETRY ILLUSTRATED IN THE MOST ELEGANT MANNER.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND GENERAL MISCELLANY WITHOUT END.

ANYTHING THAT YOU MAY DESIRE IN THE WAY OF BOOKS SUITABLE FOR NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS CAN BE FOUND AT

SHELDON & COMPANY'S,
Nos. 498 AND 500 BROADWAY.
OPPOSITE ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL.

We have recently published

LIFE AND LETTERS OF
DR. BETHUNE.
BY ABRAHAM R. VAN NEST, D.D.
1 vol., large 12mo., with a steel-plate likeness of Dr. Bethune, and three full-paged illustrations.
Price, $2.

ALSO, A CROWN OCTAVO EDITION OF
DR. BETHUNE'S LIFE.
On tinted paper, bound in fancy brown cloth. Uniform with "Dr. Bethune's Theology." Price $2,25.

The New York *Observer* says of it:

"This book affectionately embalms the memory of one of the most able, brilliant and distinguished men who have adorned the American pulpit. His life and character have been made so familiar to our readers that we are not required to present even an outline of this *charming biography.*

ALSO NOW READY,
A NEW EDITION OF
DR. BETHUNE'S THEOLOGY;
Or, Lectures on the Heidelberg Catechism. 2 vols., crown octavo, tinted paper. Price per set, $4 50.

A MOST INTERESTING BIOGRAPHY:
A MEMOIR OF THE LIFE AND LABORS OF
FRANCIS WAYLAND, D.D., LL.D.,
INCLUDING SELECTIONS FROM HIS PERSONAL REMINISCENCES AND CORRESPONDENCE,
BY HIS SONS,
FRANCIS WAYLAND and H. S. WAYLAND.
2 vols., large 12mo. Illustrated by two steel plate likenesses of Dr. Wayland. Printed on laid tinted paper. Price per set, $4.00.

This is one of the most instructive and fascinating biographies which has issued from the American press in many a day. Not one can carefully read such a book without receiving permanent impressions for good, as well as being constantly interested in the career of this truly great man.

A NEW BOOK BY
REV. NEWMAN HALL, D.D.

BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH REV. NEWMAN HALL, D.D., WE WILL PUBLISH MONDAY, DECEMBER 30:

A PARTING WORD.
1 vol., 18mo. Cloth.
BY REV. NEWMAN HALL, D. D.
Price, 60 cents.

This is a most charming little volume, and is characterized by that classically beautiful, yet simple and direct style which mark all of Mr. Hall's books.

SHELDON & COMPANY,
Nos. 498 and 500 Broadway.

HENRY B. STANTON
AND
HENRY STANTON,
COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
NO. 170 BROAWAY,
NEW YORK CITY.

Collections made throughout the United States. Suits brought and causes tried in all the Courts, City, State and Federal. Business done under the New Bankrupt Law. Titles searched to Real Estate, Mortgages foreclosed, all kinds of Legal Instruments drawn. Business with the Patent Office at Washington, and all matters relative to patents a specialty.

CONANT'S BINDER
FOR
THE REVOLUTION

is indispensable to all those who preserve this paper. The numbers can be bound every week, thus making a perfect book all through the year. Sent post-paid, FROM THIS OFFICE, on receipt of 75 cents.

"Conant's Binder is one of the neatest, most durable and cheap conveniences of the kind we ever handled.—*Boston Commonwealth.*

"Conant's Binder for magazines, papers and pamphlets. This is a useful invention by which the periodical is inserted in a moment between two durable covers. Various sizes are made, and if one were large enough for the *Tribune* it would be a good thing."—*New York Weekly Tribune.*

THE POLICIES
OF THE
AMERICAN
POPULAR LIFE INSURANCE CO.
419, 421 BROADWAY, N. Y.,
ARE THE
BEST NEW YEAR PRESENTS
FOR A WIFE, FOR A FAMILY,
FOR A DAUGHTER, FOR A SON,
FOR YOURSELF.

For a wife or Family a whole LIFE POLICY is the best hing possible.

For a Daughter or Son an ENDOWRY POLICY is the most desirable, as it is payable at marriage or other specified time.

For one's own self the best New Year treat is a LIFE RETURN ENDOWMENT POLICY, which is issued only by this Company; it gives the person a certain sum if he lives to a specified time, or to his heirs if he decease before, with the return of the Endowment Premiums with interest. It therefore truly combines all the advantages of Insurance and a Savings Bank, which has not before been done.

"SILVER TONGUE."

IF YOU WOULD MAKE YOUR HOME MORE CHEERFUL,
IF YOU WOULD MAKE YOUR HOME MORE ATTRACTIVE,
IF YOU WANT A HANDSOME PIECE OF FURNITURE,
IF YOU WANT A USEFUL PIECE OF FURNITURE,
IF YOU WOULD MAKE A BEAUTIFUL HOLIDAY PRESENT,
IF YOU WOULD MAKE A SPLENDID WEDDING PRESENT,

Purchase the Celebrated "SILVER TONGUE" Parlor Organ of CARHART & NEEDHAM.

THEY MAKE THE BEST.
THEY MAKE THE LARGEST.
THEY ARE THE ORIGINAL INVENTORS.
THEY ARE THE PATENTEES OF ESSENTIAL IMPROVEMENTS.
THEY HAVE HAD AN EXPERIENCE OF OVER TWENY YEARS.
THEIR INSTRUMENTS CONTAIN THE COMBINATION SWELL.
THEIR INSTRUMENTS CONTAIN NEW AND INDISPENSABLE IMPROVEMENTS not to be found in the instruments of any other manufactory.

They manufacture

CHURCH ORGANS,
PARLOR ORGANS,
LIBRARY ORGANS,
SCHOOL ORGANS,
DRAWING-ROOM ORGANS,
BOUDOIR ORGANS,
LODGE ORGANS,
HALL ORGANS, and
CONCERT ORGANS

The Public are respectfully invited to call and inspect their large assortment of new and beautiful styles. Catalogues, etc., sent by mail,

CARHART & NEEDHAM,
Nos. 143, 145 and 147 East 23d street, New York.

THE CREDIT FONCIER OF AMERICA.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN, PRESIDENT.

The following are among the first one hundred special copartners of the Credit Foncier and owners of Columbus:

Augustus Kountze, [First National Bank, Omaha.]
Samuel E. Rogers, Omaha.
E. Creighton, [President 1st National Bank, Omaha.]
Thomas C. Durant, V. P. U. P. R. R.
James H. Bowen, [Prest' 3rd National Bank, Chicago.]
George M. Pullman.
George L. Dunlap, [Superintendent N. W. R. R.]
John A. Dix, [President U. P. R. R.]
William H. Guion, [Credit Mobilier.]
William H. Macy, [President Leather Manf. Bank.]
Charles A. Lambard, [Credit Mobilier] Director U. P. R. R.
Oakes Ames, M. C., [Credit Mobilier.]
John M. S. Williams, [Director Credit Mobilier.]
John J. Cisco, [Treasurer U. P. R. R.]
H. Clews
William P. Furniss.
Cyrus H. McCormick, [Director U. P. R. R.]
Hon. Simon Cameron.
John A. Griswold, M. C., [President Troy City National Bank.]
Charles Tracy.
Thomas Nickerson, [Credit Mobilier,] Boston.
F. Nickerson, [Credit Mobilier,] Boston.
E. H. Baker, Baker & Morrill, [Credit Mobilier,] Boston.
W. T. Glidden, Glidden & Williams, Boston, [Credit Mobilier.]
H. S. McComb, Wilmington, Del., [Credit Mobilier.]
James H. Orne, [Merchant,] Philadelphia.
George B. Upton, [Merchant,] Boston.
Charles Macalester, [Banker,] Philadelphia.
C. S. Bushnell, [Director U. P. R. R.] Credit Mobilier.
A. A. Low, [President Chamber Commerce.]
Leonard W. Jerome.
H. G. Stebbins.
C. C. & H. M. Taber.
David Jones, [Credit Mobilier.]
Ben. Holladay, [Credit Mobilier.]

The CITIES along the line of
THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.

OMAHA already Sixteen Thousand People.

COLUMBUS the next important agricultural city on the way to Cheyenne.

A Fifty Dollar Lot may prove a Five Thousand Dollar Investment.

PARIS to PEKIN in Thirty Days. Two Ocean Ferry-Boats and a Continental Railway. Passengers for China this way!

The Rocky Mountain excursion parties of statesmen and capitalists (two thousand miles westward without break of gauge) pronounce the Pacific Railroad a great fact; the *Credit Mobilier* (its contractors), a national reality; the *Credit Foncier* (owning cities along the line), an American institution.

The grandest national work of any age, is the Union Pacific Railroad. Under its present Napoleonic leadership, in 1870 the road will be finished to San Francisco. Five hundred and thirty miles are already running west of Omaha to the base of the mountains, north of Denver. The Iowa Railroad (Chicago and Northwestern) is now open to the Missouri River opposite Omaha; where the temporary bridge that has been constructed joins you with the Pacific. Here is the time-table:

New York to Chicago (dra ing-room car all the way, without change)	38 hours
Chicago to Omaha, without change (Pullman's sleeping palaces)	24 "
Omaha to Cheyenne, or summit of Rocky Mountains, (Union Pacific Railroad)	28 "
	90 "

Say four days from New York to the Rocky Mountains. Two thousand two hundred miles without a change of gauge or car, or the removal of your carpet bag and shawl from your state-room.

The Credit Foncier of America owns the capitol addition to Columbus,—probably the future capitol of Nebraska. What is the Credit Foncier? Ask the first millionaire you meet, and the chances are he will tell you that he was one of the one hundred original thousand dollar subscribers. No other such special copartnership of wealthy men exists on this continent. (A list of these distinguished names can be seen at the Company's office.)

Where is Columbus? Ask the two hundred Union Pacific Railroad excursionists who encamped there on the Credit Foncier grounds. Is it not the geographical centre of this nation? Ninety-six miles due west from Omaha, the new Chicago; ninety-six miles from the Kansas border on the south; ninety-six miles from the Dacotah line on the north, Columbus is situated on the upper bottom, at the junction of the Platte and the Loup Fork, *and is surrounded by the finest agricultural lands in the world.*

The Credit Foncier lands extend from the railway station across the railway, and enclose the Loup Fork Bridge; the county road to the Pawnee settlement running directly through the domain. As the railway system expands, Columbus will naturally be the railway centre of the Sioux City, Nebraska City and Nemaha Valley Railroads.

The Union Pacific Railroad Company were not slow to see that Columbus was the natural point for an important station. The Credit Mobilier owns lands near the city, and some leading generals and statesmen are also property owners round about. Would you make money easy? Find, then, the site of a city and buy the farm it is to be built on. How many regret the non purchase of that lot in New York; that block in Buffalo; that farm in Chicago; that quarter section in Omaha. Once these city properties could have been bought for a song. Astor and Girard made their fortunes in this way. The Credit Foncier, by owning the principal towns along the Pacific line to California, enriches its shareholders while distributing its profits by selling alternate lots at a nominal price to the public.

The Credit Foncier owns 688 acres at Columbus, divided into 80ft. streets and 20ft. alleys.

These important reservations are made: Two ten-acre parks; one ten-acre square, for the university of Nebraska; one five-acre triangle, for an agricultural college; one five-acre quadrangle, for a public school; one acre each donated to the several churches, Episcopal, Catholic, Presbyterian, Lutheran, Methodist, Congregational and Baptist, and ten acres to the State for the new Capitol buildings.

Deducting these national, educational and religious donations, the Credit Foncier has over 3,000 lots (44x115) remaining, 1,500 of which they offer for sale, reserving the alternate lots for improvements.

ADVANTAGES.

First.—It is worth fifty dollars to a young man to be associated with such a powerful Company.

Second.—By buying in Columbus, you purchase the preference right to be interested in the next town mapped out by the Credit Foncier; and, as we dig through the mountains, that town may be a gold mine.

Third.—Owning 5,000 feet of land 1,700 miles off by rail, extends one's geographical knowledge, and suggests that Massachusetts, South Carolina and Virginia do not compose the entire American Republic.

When this ocean bottom—this gigantic plateau of the antediluvian sea—this relic of the great inland lake of ten thousand years ago, between Omaha and Columbus, becomes peopled, with corn-fields and villages, a lot at Columbus may be a handy thing to have about the house.

The object of the Credit Foncier in selling *alternate* lots at such a low figure, is to open up the boundless resources along the line of the Union Pacific Railroad to the young men of the East. Landed proprietorship gives a man self-reliance, and may stimulate the employee to become employer. Fifty dollars invested ten years ago in Chicago or Omaha, produces many thousand now.

As this allotment of 1,500 shares is distributed through New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis, early application should be made by remitting a check to the Company's bankers, Messrs. John J. Cisco & Son, 33 Wall street, when you will receive a deed for the property.

To save the lot-owner the trouble of writing, the Credit Foncier pays all taxes for two years.

Do not forget that every mile of road built westward, adds to the value of property in Omaha and Columbus. Cheyenne, at the foot of the mountains, four hundred miles west of Columbus, is but six months old, and has three thousand people. *Lots there selling for three thousand dollars.*

Most of the Directors of the Union Pacific Railroad, and the Directors and Subscribers of the Credit Mobilier, are the Shareholders of the Credit Foncier of America.

Call at the office and examine the papers.

Most respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
GEO. P. BEMIS,
Secretary.

OFFICE OF THE COMPANY, 2 NASSA STREET, NEW YORK

VERMILYE & CO.,

No. 44 Wall street,

BANKERS AND DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT STOCKS AND COMPOUND INTEREST NOTES.

We give special attention to funding
7-30 TREASURY LOANS.

All series taken in exchange for 5-20 Bond. Returns made to correspondents without delay and on favorable Terms.

CLOSING PRICES.

NEW YORK, December 28, 1867.

3 p.m.	Buying.	Selling.
Registered, 1881	108¾	108¾
Coupon, 1881	112¾	112¾
5-20 Registered, 1862	105¼	105¼
5-20 Coupon, 1862	108¼	108¾
5-20 Coupon, 1864	105½	105¾
5-20 Coupon, 1865	105¾	106
5-20 " 1865, new	108½	108¾
5-20 " 1867, new	108½	108¾
10-40 Registered	101½	102
10-40 Coupon	101¾	102
Gold	133½	133¾
June 7-30	104¾	104¾
July 7-30	104¾	104¾
May Compounds, 1865	117¾	117¾
Aug. " 1865	116¾	116¾
Sept. " 1865	116	116¼
Oct. " 1865	115¾	116
U. S. 3 per cent. cer	100¼	100¾

All classes of United States funds credited or remitted for, on receipt, at market rates, free of all commission charges.

FISK AND HATCH,

BANKERS AND DEALERS IN
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
NO. 5 NASSAU STREET,
BUY AND SELL AT MARKET RATES,
ALL DESCRIPTIONS
OF
UNITED STATES SECURITIES,
and give especial attention to the conversion of
SEVEN-THIRTY NOTES
INTO THE
NEW FIVE-TWENTY BONDS OF 1865 AND 1867.

Holders of the Sixes of 1881, and Five-twenty Bonds of 1862, and May 1, 1865, may now realize a liberal difference by exchanging them for the new 5-20's of 1865-7. We are prepared to make these exchanges upon the most favorable terms.

Deposits received and collections made.

FISK & HATCH, No. 5 Nassau street.

BANKING HOUSE
OF
JAY COOKE & CO.,

No. 20 WALL ST., COR. OF NASSAU ST., NEW YORK.

We buy and sell at the most liberal current prices. and keep on hand a full supply of

GOVERNMENT BONDS OF ALL ISSUES,
SEVEN-THIRTIES,
AND
COMPOUND INTEREST NOTES,

and execute orders for purchase and sale of
STOCKS, BONDS AND GOLD.

We have added to our office a Retail Department, for the accommodation of the public demand for investment in and exchanges of Government Securities, the purchase GOLD and INTEREST COUPONS, and the sale of INTERNAL REVENUE STAMPS.

SEVEN-THIRTIES CONVERTED INTO FIVE TWENTIES AT THE MOST FAVORABLE RATES.

JAY COOKE & CO.

DUNCAN SHERMAN & CO.,
BANKERS,
CORNER PINE AND NASSAU STREET,
NEW YORK.
ISSUE CIRCULAR NOTES AND LETTERS OF CREDIT FOR TRAVELLERS,
AVAILABLE IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE WORLD.
MERCANTILE CREDITS
FOR USE IN
EUROPE,
CHINA,
ETC.
ALSO, MAKE TRANSFERS OF MONEY TO CALIFORNIA AND OREGON BY TELEGRAPH.
INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS.